THE
HISTORY
OF
LADY SOPHIA STERNHEIM.

VOLUME II.

HISTORY

OF

THE

HOUSE OF RUSSELL

FROM THE

NORMAN CONQUEST.

IN

VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PRINTED FOR

Mr. JOSEPH COLLYER,

AND SOLD BY

T. JONES, AT CLIFFORD'S INN-GATE;

BETTER-LANE, NEAR FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXVI.

THE HISTORY OF Lady Sophia Sternheim.

ATTEMPTED FROM THE

GERMAN

OF

MR. WIELAND.

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THE HISTORY OF LADY SOPHIA STERNHEIM.

LETTER XXIX.

ROSINA *to her Friend.*

HERE, my friend, I am obliged to take up again my pen, in order to place before your eyes, in one view, the memoirs of my dear miſtreſs, by connecting the facts which followed the unhappy revolution in her fortune.

My ſiſter's houſe was the only aſylum we could chuſe. I did not dare to propoſe to my lady, either to have recourſe to juſtice,

in order to be revenged on LOVEILL, or to aſſert her rights; and, in ſuch circumſtances, ſhe could not bear the thought of returning to her own ſeat. Her anguiſh of mind was ſo violent, that ſhe hoped it would ſoon put a period to her life; and I was afraid that would be the caſe, if we did not ſpeedily quit the fatal houſe which was the ſcene of LOVEILL's baſeneſs, and her diſtreſs. While we were preparing for our departure, I opened the door of LOVEILL's chamber, when my lady caſting an eye into it, I thought ſhe would have been inſtantly ſtifled with her grief: but ſhutting herſelf up in my room, ſhe continued there, till I had finiſhed packing up our effects. All my lord's preſents, which were very fine, as well as numerous, we left with the miſtreſs of the houſe, and took only the little we had brought with us in our flight. The hoſteſs, who was paid for a month before-hand by way of advance, was deſirous of keeping us ſtill; but we ſet out on the fifth day after we had received the fatal letter, accompanied with her good wiſhes, which ſhe mingled with imprecations againſt the villainous lord.

While we were on the road, my lady ſat by my ſide, as pale as death, with her eyes caſt down, and buried in a profound ſilence; no complaint, no tears aſſuaged the grief of her oppreſſed heart. Two days together

we

we travelled through a beautiful and well-cultivated country, without any object fixing her attention; only ſometimes ſhe embraced me with a violent and convulſive motion, and for an inſtant repoſed her head on my boſom. My anguiſh perpetually encreaſed, and I was unable to ſtifle my ſighs and groans. At length looking at me with a tender air, ſhe preſſed me to her heart, and with a celeſtial voice, ſaid, O my ROSINA, your affliction ſhews me my wretchedneſs in its full extent! Before you uſed to ſmile on ſeeing me; but now the ſight of me pierces your heart. O give me not cauſe to think that I have rendered you unhappy! Be compoſed, and you ſhall find that I am ſo.

I was charmed at hearing her ſpeak ſo long together, and at ſeeing ſome tears fall from her languid extinguiſhed eyes, and anſwered, I ſhould ſoon be compoſed, could I but ſee you leſs dejected, and obſerve one ſpark of that pleaſing ſatisfaction which the view of a fine country uſed to afford you.

She now continued for ſome minutes ſilent, lift up her eyes, gazed on the heavens, caſt a glance on the country around us, and then anſwered with tears of the tendereſt friendſhip: Indeed, my dear ROSINA, I live as if my misfortunes had ſnatched from the earth all the gladdening gifts with which it is embelliſhed; and yet the cauſe of my

grief lies neither in the creatures, nor their beneficent creator. O why did I ſtray from the path preſcribed for me!—

She then entered into a repetition of the moſt important circumſtances of her life. I endeavoured to calm her mind, by reminding her of the motives of her various actions, and in particular, thoſe which induced her to contract a private marriage, and fly from her uncle's houſe. In ſhort, I ſo far prevailed in cheering her mind, that the view of a plentiful harveſt, and the autumnal labours carried on in the villages through which we paſſed, excited in her ſome emotions of joy. But the ſight of the damſels, eſpecially thoſe who appeared to be of her own age, renewed all her ſadneſs. On looking at them ſhe joined her hands, and prayed, that God would preſerve every pure and innocent ſoul, from the torment which preyed on her heart.

In this ſituation we arrived at Vaels, where we found a ſweet conſolation in the tender reception and virtuous friendſhip of my brother-in-law and ſiſter. They endeavoured to reſtore the peace of my lady's mind, but a little after her arrival ſhe fell ſick, and during twelve days, we were in pain for her life. She then drew up a conciſe account of her misfortunes, and made her will. But, contrary to our fears and her wiſhes, ſhe recovered. When her health

was reſtored, ſhe applied herſelf to the education of a young child, who had been intruſted to my ſiſter EMILIA's care. This employment, and her converſation with my brother and ſiſter, ſo viſibly calmed her mind, that they ventured to aſk her, what was her plan of life for the future. She anſwered, that ſhe had no other than that of finiſhing her days on her eſtate; but till three years were expired, during which ſhe had abandoned her revenues to the Count DE LOBAU, ſhe was reſolved to live in ignorance of all the world. Nothing could ſhake her reſolution. She changed her name, and in alluſion to her unhappy fate, took that of SUFFERING, reſolving to paſs for an officer's widow. She ſold the fine diamonds which ſurrounded her father and mother's pictures, and alſo diſpoſed of her other jewels, reſolving to live on the intereſt of the ſum they produced; but in this change of fortune ſhe did not give up the pleaſure of doing good, and reſolved to teach needle-work to ſome poor girls in the neighbourhood.

This thought, which ſhe put in execution, was, as you will ſoon ſee, the origin of the reſt of the events of her life. One of her young ſcholars was god-daughter to Mrs. HILL, a very rich lady, at ſome diſtance; and waiting on her godmother, ſhewed her ſome of her work. The lady

made enquiries after the perſon who taught her, and deſired my brother to ſend Mrs. SUFFERING to her, in order to found a charity-ſchool in her houſe. This my dear lady at firſt declined, leſt it ſhould make her too public; but my brother earneſtly repreſenting to her, that it would be loſing an opportunity of doing much good, ſhe could not reſiſt ſo powerful a motive; and this, with the fear of being the cauſe of ſome inconvenience in EMILIA's family, (though ſhe paid for her board,) at length determined her to comply.

She dreſſed herſelf with the utmoſt plainneſs, in a ſtriped linen gown, with a white handkerchief and apron; for always ſomething of the Engliſh manner was uppermoſt in her mind. She concealed under a large hood her fine hair, and a part of the features of her face, in order to diſguiſe herſelf; but her lovely eyes, the ſmile of goodneſs which ſhone through an impreſſion of ſecret ſorrow, her enchanting ſhape and graceful walk, attracted every eye. Her departure gave us pain, Mrs. HILL's uſual reſidence being eighteen miles from our houſe; but her letters in ſome meaſure compenſated for her loſs, and you will doubtleſs find in reading them a part of the ſatisfaction they gave us.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

Lady SOPHIA, *under the name of Mrs.* SUFFERING, *to* EMILIA.

TEN days have I been ſeparated from my tender friend, and it was impoſſible for me to write ſooner: my ſoul was too much agitated, and my ſenſations too ſtrong to be reſtrained by the ſlow progreſs of my pen; but the ſerenity of ſome fine days, and the proſpect of extenſive and ſmiling paſtures, have in ſome meaſure reſtored the calm of my mind. I can now, without anxiety, without dejection, view the elevation from which I am fallen. My eyes have overflowed with the fondeſt tears on viewing my younger years: a trembling has ſeized me on thinking of the day in which I went to D. and I have rapidly paſſed over, and cloſed mine eyes on the ſcenes which followed. Only on the ſweet period of my arrival at your houſe I thought with pleaſure. Deprived of wealth, I doubly felt the value of the aſylum I had choſen. A tender ſympathy and compaſſion were painted on the countenance of my EMILIA, reſpect and friendſhip were lighted up in that of her huſband: I ſaw that they believed me innocent, and pitied my ſufferings: I could look on them as

witneſſes of the purity of my heart. Oh, what ſatisfaction did I find in this idea! The tears I ſhed the firſt night I was with you, were thoſe of gratitude; and I bleſſed God for the conſolation he made me find in the faithful friendſhip of my EMILIA. The morning of the following day was painful; for I then repeated the particulars of my unhappy ſtory: but the reflections and exhortations of your huſband calmed my mind; and more ſtill my caſting my eyes on your houſe, the humble abode in which reſides, with you, all the virtues of our ſex, and with your ſpouſe all the merit and wiſdom of his. We paſſed the whole day together: I ſaw you contented with a very moderate income; employed in diſcharging a circle of duties, and animated with a maternal tenderneſs for your huſband's five children. I admired his conduct with reſpect to his family and his pariſhioners, and this, my EMILIA, began to reſtore peace to my ſoul. This happy couple, ſaid I to myſelf, were always faithful to the laws of prudence and virtue; yet fortune never ſmiled on them. They ſubmit to the ſeverity of their lot with the moſt noble reſignation, and yet I groan under my deſtiny! I whom preſumption and imprudence have led aſtray, and who, in ſpite of the moſt ſincere love of virtue, have expoſed myſelf to calamities and contempt. Much indeed have I loſt, and much have I ſuffer'd; but

but ought I, on this account, to forget the happineſs of my firſt years—to look with an eye of indifference on the opportunities of doing good which ſtill preſent themſelves, and give myſelf up to be governed only by the feelings of my ſelf-love? I am ſtill ſenſible of the value of the bleſſings I have loſt; but the illneſs I have ſuffered, and the reflections which have followed it, have brought me to ſee that I am ſtill in poſſeſſion of the real bleſſings of life. My heart is pure and innocent: the knowledge I have acquired is ſtill my own: the faculties of my ſoul are unimpaired; its good inclinations remain, and I have ſtill the power of doing good.

My education has taught me that *virtue and abilities* can alone give us real happineſs, and that nothing but *doing good* can afford true felicity to a noble ſoul: this my fate has proved to me by my own experience.

I belonged to the claſs of the rich and gay; I find myſelf now in that of the middle rank, even bordering on the ſtation where penury and humiliation join their hands: but however I may be reduced, according to the idea commonly affixed to happineſs, I find that I may do much real good in my new ſituation. The wealthy Mrs. HILL enjoys with me the complacencies of friendſhip and of ſcience, and my young ſcholars have the advantage of being educated in ſuch

a manner as to give them the gladdening proſpect of rendering their future days happy.

Mrs. HILL has put me in poſſeſſion of a very pretty room, with two windows which afford a view of the country, and from thence I repair to a hall at particular hours, to give leſſons to thirteen girls, whom ſhe finds in food and all other neceſſaries, beſides books and every thing requiſite for the works in hand. She hears my inſtructions with pleaſure, and every now and then nods her head in token of approbation. Sometimes ſhe ſheds a tear, or ſqueezes my hand, at which a ray of joy breaks in upon my heart: ſo ſweet is the pleaſure of being beloved for one's own ſake! I muſt now communicate to you a thought which I ſhall want your ſpouſe's aſſiſtance to help me to put it in execution.

Mrs. HILL has ſome pride, but it is of a noble and beneficent kind. She is deſirous of employing her vaſt fortune in a perpetual foundation; but it muſt be ſuch a one as is quite new, that will do her honour, and draw down bleſſings on her: for this purpoſe ſhe has deſired me to think of a plan.—Now might not the little ſchool, of which I am at the head, be improved into a receptacle named a *Seminary for Domeſtics*, in which poor girls deſigned for ſervice might receive inſtructions ſuitable to their ſtation and abiliti.s? I would make the trial with my

thirteen ſcholars, whom I would divide into claſſes according to their various capacities, tempers and inclinations. For example, thoſe who have the beſt hearts, and the gentleſt minds, ſhould be educated for nurſery maids; thoſe who have moſt wit and addreſs ſhould be deſtined for chambermaids; thoſe who have moſt ſenſe and activity, for houſe-keepers; and, in ſhort, the laſt claſs ſhould be formed of ſtrong girls fitted for labour, and be employed in work that demands leſs abilities.

Such an eſtabliſhment would require a convenient houſe, with a garden adjoining to it; a ſenſible clergyman to inſtruct them in the knowledge and love of the duties of their ſtation; with a poor elderly widow, or old maid, diſtinguiſhed by her honeſty and integrity, and capable of ſuperintending the ſeveral branches of inſtruction.

Theſe ideas divert me from contemplating on my misfortunes, and my ſoul experiences a ſweet conſolation in thinking that I am become the inſtrument of benefits which will extend to futurity. In the mean while, I turn upon myſelf, and cannot help believing that ſelf-love is of the nature of the polypus; though you ſever her branches or arms, and even divide her trunk, yet ſhe finds means to re-produce herſelf and extend new branches. You know how I was humbled and dejected. Re-examine what I have

written, and obſerve what happy ſupports my prolific ſelf-complacency has found, and how I have gradually riſen to form inſenſibly a very grand project.—Oh, if the love of my fellow-creatures had not ſtruck its root ſo deeply in my heart as to be incorporated with my very ſelf-love, what would have become of me! Even the tenderneſs of my EMILIA would not have been ſufficient to revive my ſinking courage,

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

SO, my dear friend, you are better pleaſed with my laſt letter than with all I have written ſince my departure from D. but give me leave to complain that my EMILIA injures me in her animadverſions on the change in my ideas and expreſſions. I myſelf am ſenſible of this difference, but think it a natural effect of the grand revolution I have experienced. At D. I enjoyed the reſpect of others; I ſeemed born for happineſs; I was ſatisfied with myſelf, and my mind, diverted with the objects that offered themſelves to my view, deſcribed, praiſed and blamed them according as they ſuited or claſhed with my ideas. But ſince that time how has the ſcene changed! ſerene repoſe and the very appearance of felicity abandoned me; ſorrow and tears became my portion: was it then poſſible for me to indulge the flights of imagination, when all the powers of my mind were employed in enabling me *to ſubmit with patience*, a virtue which leaves the ſoul but little activity? Your huſband knew me well; he perceived that it was neceſſary to draw me, in a manner, out of myſelf, and convince me

that

that it was ſtill in my power to do good: this idea alone was able to bring me again into active life.

I thank you, my dear friends, for the approbation and praiſes you beſtow on the plan I have laid before you: it ſeems to me as if a charitable hand had raiſed my dejected ſoul, aſſiſted its ſteps, and drawn it out of the thorny road into which it had been driven by error, to conduct it into a ſmooth path: it there indeed, meets not with the ſuperb dwellings of the rich and great; but the eye contemplates the pure charms of unadulterated nature.

I had need, my dear friends, of ſuch a conſolation.---There is a noble pride which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of being free from deſerved reproach; but, alas! I have loſt this ſupport. I accuſe myſelf of inconſideration, to which I owe a part of my misfortunes. I inceſſantly repeat this charge, and *ſubmiſſion* and *patience* are the fruits of this confeſſion. Had I no cauſe for ſelf-reproach, in my private marriage and my flight, I ſhould have found in the exerciſe of conſtancy and magnanimity, that ſupport on which the innocent leans, when the wickedneſs of others, or an unforeſeen accident interrupts his happineſs. The innocent can boldly look in the face of the perſon who has injured him, or turn away his eyes with a cold diſdain: he looks not around for the

pity

pity of friends, but for witneſſes of his noble conduct: his ſoul bears up againſt misfortunes, collects its vigour, and finds new reſources to enable him to mount the aſcent which leads to honour and felicity. While I, remembering my imprudence, have ſought the vail of obſcurity before I have ſuffered myſelf to be led into a new path. Yet the hope of ſucceſs in an uſeful enterpriſe, has ſown the new trod way with flowers as preſages of bleſſings in ſtore, that will communicate happineſs to many: peace and ſweet contentment now find acceſs to my ſoul, and virtue, I hope, will be my faithful guide. My heart ſwells with joy when I think of the influence I am going to have on the happineſs of many of my fellow-creatures: I renounce my favourite habits and wiſhes, and gladly conſecrate my life and my abilities to the welfare of others. But every ſtep I take in this new path makes me applaud the wiſdom of my education, which has placed every object in its true point of view. How happy is it for me, that this truth has been ſo ſtrongly imprinted on my mind: *That the moral difference between mankind is that alone which God regards.* How much ſhould I have ſuffered in my preſent ſituation, had I been governed by the uſual prejudices of perſons of my birth! With what prudence have my parents directed that ſelf-love which was born with me! Had I,

for

for inſtance, fixed my heart on dreſs, jewels, and outward ſplendor, I ſhould now look with grief and the moſt humbling mortification on the ſimple habit I now wear, though its neatneſs and decency are ſufficient to ſatisfy my female vanity. And what can I wiſh for more, ſince, under an appearance ſo modeſt and humble, I attract love and eſteem, ſenſations for which I am ſolely obliged to the moral qualities of my mind.

I riſe early, and at my window admire how Nature faithfully fulfils the eternal laws preſcribed to her, of diſpenſing bleſſings, and of contributing, at all times and ſeaſons, to the happineſs of every creature. Winter approaches, the flowers have diſappeared, and the ſun having hid his reſplendent rays, the earth no longer retains its chearful aſpect: but theſe deſpoiled fields ſtill awake in my ſenſible heart the idea of pleaſure; for there grew the plenteous harveſt, and hence I lift my grateful eye to heaven. The kitchen garden and orchard are ſtripped of their rich produce; but the thoughts of the plenty they have yielded mingles a ſweet ſenſation of joy with the ſhivering which the north wind begins to occaſion. The trees have ſhed their leaves, the verdure of the meadows fades, gloomy clouds pour down rain, which ſoftening the earth, renders it unfit for pleaſing walks. At this the fooliſh murmur; but the man of

reflection

reflection rejoices in this revolution. The dried leaves (ſays he) and autumnal ſhowers nouriſh the earth, and prepare it for renewed fertility and freſh vegetation: a reflection which gives him a joyful ſenſation of the great Creator's care, and leads his thoughts to the ſucceeding ſpring. Yes, the earth, amidſt the loſs of her exterior beauties, amidſt even the diſcontent of her children, whom ſhe nouriſhes and recreates, labours in her boſom for their future welfare.—I now ſtop, and looking into myſelf, ſay, The ſmiling proſpect of my fortune is alſo obſcured, and my exterior luſtre is fallen like the faded leaf. Perhaps it is the lot of the human race to have alſo its ſeaſons: if ſo, I will, during the gloomy days of my Winter, nouriſh my ſoul with the fruits which my education and experience have heaped up for me; and, as the crop is plentiful, and the uncultivated ſoil of the poor produces little, I will give them a part of what I poſſeſs. In fact, my EMILIA, I have found a new opportunity of being of ſome uſe. I am going to devote ſome days to a good work, and I flatter myſelf that my next letter will give you an account of my ſucceſs.

Adieu! Never ceaſe to love your

SOPHIA.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Mrs. HILL *to the Rev. Mr.* BRAUN.

Reverend Sir,

DON'T be frightened at receiving a letter from me, inſtead of one from Mrs. SUFFERING. She is not ill: no indeed; but the dear creature has left me, and is to ſtay away a fortnight. She lodges in a ſtrange houſe, where ſhe works very hard; and what makes my heart ach, ſhe is very ill fed. But hear how things are come about: ſuch an angel ſure never before entered into a rich perſon's houſe, nor into a poor perſon's neither! I cannot tell how to expreſs my thoughts, and as to writing, I underſtand nothing about it. But pray obſerve, your ſpouſe knows very well, that ſince Mr. G. has loſt his employment, he, with his wife and children, are become very poor. Well, I have frequently aſſiſted them, but I could not maintain them; ſo every body ſays that the huſband is proud, and the wife careleſs, and that all the favours done to them are thrown away. This vexed me, and I one day ſpoke of it to Miſs LEHNE, whom I relieved at the ſame time. Mrs. SUFFERING was alſo preſent, and aſked

Miſs

Miſs LEHNE about them, on which ſhe related their whole hiſtory; for ſhe ought to know it, ſince ſhe has always been with them from her infancy. The next day Mrs. SUFFERING went to pay Mrs. G. a viſit, and returned home exceedingly moved. While we were at ſupper ſhe related to me ſo many affecting circumſtances about them, that ſhe made me ſhed tears, and filled me with ſuch compaſſion, that I immediately ſaid, I would take care of the father, mother, and the whole family. But this ſhe oppoſed. The next morning ſhe brought me the incloſed paper, which I ſend you; but I muſt have it back, for it muſt be included in my will, as well as ſomething in praiſe of Mrs. SUFFERING, wrote by my own hand, with ſomething for her, which at preſent I ſhall not mention. Well then, ſhe went to her girls, and left me this paper. I never in my life ſaw any thing more ingeniouſly contrived to catch two fiſhes with one hook, that is, to provide for theſe people, and to render them prudent. I was aſtoniſhed, and ſhed tears twice, for I was obliged to read it over twice, that I might perfectly comprehend it. I wrote under it, "I conſent to "every thing, and we will begin to-mor-"row."—But beſides telling her this by word of mouth, I wrote down on a paper which I affixed to my will, that ſhe ſhould not call me her benefactreſs: for what do I

give

give her?—A little food, and a little chamber.—But ſtay, I'll ſoon contrive ſomething; ſhe ſhall not leave my houſe, as ſhe ſuppoſes. If I do but live to ſee my *Seminary for Domeſtics*, as ſhe calls it, finiſhed, I will have her name and mine cut on the ſame ſtone: I will call her my adopted daughter; and then what wondering will there be, that ſhe did not pocket my money, in order to get another ſmart huſband. People will then bleſs us both; and this I ſhall be charmed with, for ſhe deſerves it. She muſt likewiſe ſtand god-mother for the poor infants, that we may have children of her name, and theſe, as well as my own god-children, ſhall have the preference in being admitted into the ſeminary.

My ſpectacles begin to grow dim, and I can write no more this morning; and as the time ſeems long, and I am impatient to ſee Mrs. SUFFERING, I will go directly to Mr. G.'s.—Well, I have been there, and I am ſorry that I went; becauſe theſe people oppreſſed me with their thanks, and might, perhaps, think that I came on purpoſe to receive them: but they were miſtaken, ſince I only came to ſee my daughter—my daughter, I ſay, for I declare that, when ſhe returns, ſhe ſhall call me her mother.

I bad my maid open the door a little, and, to be ſure, the company within the room gave it a fine appearance. As to the furniture

ture there was nothing fine, it conſiſting only of a few ruſh-bottomed chairs and two tables. In one corner was the father and his eldeſt ſon, who was writing by his ſide. About the middle of the room was another table, at which Mrs. G. was knitting. Miſs LEHNE ſat between the two little girls, inſtructing them in ſewing; and Mrs. SUFFERING had before her a noſegay of Italian flowers, from which ſhe drew patterns for the ſeats of chairs to be embroidered and ſold, and was talking with great affability to the youngeſt ſon and the eldeſt of his ſiſters, who were attentively looking at the progreſs of her work. I could not refrain from tears on ſeeing it; on beholding the children's fondneſs for her, and hearing them eagerly return me thanks as I entered the room. The rough huſband reddened as he thanked me, while the wife acquitted herſelf with a childiſh laugh. But no matter, I will continue to aſſiſt them according to Mrs. SUFFERING's regulations, and at length Miſs LEHNE ſhall be my firſt under governeſs. I brought ſome cakes and ſome good fruit, and you cannot imagine the joy this gave the children; but Mrs. SUFFERING appeared not quite pleaſed, ſhe being afraid leſt the coarſe food they would be obliged to eat the next day ſhould not appear ſo agreeable, after their having fed on theſe dainties: for ſhe was not for rewarding them

them by gratifying their appetites. She herſelf eat only a piece of houſhold bread with an apple. When I aſked her the reaſon, ſhe directed her diſcourſe to the girls, and ſaid, Our orchard can produce the ſame apples, but theſe cakes can be had from nobody but this lady. This I had for my pains; but I was not ſorry; for ſhe was in the right, and would not have them think their being obliged to eat common bread, a misfortune.—She has now been eight days with theſe people: the next week ſhe will return to me, and ſhall then write to you. I recommend myſelf and my dear child to your prayers. Oh, I ſhall never forget that you have introduced this dear perſon to me! I have never been ſo ſatisfied with what I poſſeſs, as ſince I have had her with me.

A ſcheme for relieving Mr. G.'s family, and Miſs LEHNE.

MY dear benefactreſs deſires me to give her my thoughts in writing, on the ſubject of relieving Mr. G. and his family.—I would treat theſe people, who are, through their own fault, become unhappy, as a phyſician treats a patient who, in the gaiety of his heart, has ruined his health: he adminiſters all neceſſary remedies, but at the ſame time preſcribes a diet, which he proves to be neceſſary, by repreſenting to him the danger

he

he has run, and that with which he is ſtill threatened: thus, by a long and conſtant regimen, the patient recovers freſh ſtrength, and at length becomes able to live without his phyſician. Medicines too violent given at the beginning, would only ſerve to encreaſe the diſorder, while they ſeemed to remove it, and would be attended with prejudicial conſequences. The conſiderable preſents given formerly to Mr. G. and his family have produced a like effect; it is neceſſary therefore to aſſiſt them with prudence, and to attack the evil at its ſource.

Mrs. HILL's bounty will furniſh them with apparel, linen, and the like: but, with reſpect to theſe, it is proper that they ſhould at firſt be provided only with ſuch as are indiſpenſably neceſſary; theſe ſhould be given them ready made: but afterwards they ſhould have the linen cloth in the piece, that the mother and daughters may be employed in making it up with their own hands. This work being finiſhed, they ſhould be ſupply'd with flax and wool, which they ſhould ſpin for future cloaths.

As for Mr. G. I would reap advantage from his talents and his pride, and engage him to recover his reputation by devoting his time and care to the inſtruction of his children. Their education is a benefit for which he is accountable, and ſince his ſituation renders it impoſſible for him to pay maſters,

maſters, how commendable will it be in him thus to ſupply his want of fortune. I would therefore have him apply himſelf, with a zeal animated by paternal love, to teach his children writing and arithmetic, and to watch over the progreſs of his ſons in Latin in a neighbouring free-ſchool; and it is to be hoped that a man ſo faithful in the diſcharge of his paternal duties, will not be long overlooked in the diſpoſal of the public employments. It may here be objected, that the indolence of Mrs. G. will throw every thing into confuſion: but this evil I hope to prevent by Miſs LEHNE's abilities.

She has been Mrs. G.'s companion and friend from her youth, and has been much obliged to her parents, and I believe ſhe would be glad of returning thoſe favours to the daughter, if ſhe herſelf was not in neceſſitous circumſtances: but as ſhe poſſeſſes a treaſure in her abilities and addreſs, theſe may render her of great uſe to her friend, if ſhe will but have an eye on the uſe made of the benefits granted to Mr. G. and ſuperintend the inſtruction of his daughters. Miſs LEHNE is alſo under obligations to Mrs. HILL, and the true manner of expreſſing her gratitude is to concur with her in a good work, which, if it be attended with ſucceſs, will procure her the eſteem of people of probity, and the ſatisfaction of having contributed

buted to the happineſs of her friends and the welfare of their three innocent children.

Should Mrs. HILL be pleaſed to approve of theſe thoughts, I myſelf will communicate them to Mr. G. and his family, and alſo to Miſs LEHNE. I will alſo, if ſhe permits me, go and ſpend a fortnight at Mr. G.'s, in order to convince them that this new plan of life has nothing ſevere or diſagreeable. For this purpoſe I ſhall endeavour, by treating the huſband with reſpect, and by affecting diſcourſe, to make him fond of living in his family. Beſides, I will by turns diſcharge the office of the mother, and that of Miſs LEHNE. I will endeavour to inculcate good principles into the minds of the children, and to ſtudy their tempers and abilities, that they may be aſſiſted in following the bent of their genius. But with reſpect to food, dreſs, and furniture, it is neceſſary that they ſhould have nothing to ſpare, in order that the ſenſe of their wants may lead them to wiſe reflections, and convince them that nothing but induſtry, moderation, and good conduct, can make them regain that ſtation, from which they have been plunged by diſſipation and negligence. I will take particular care not to make them any reproaches; but by mentioning ſome circumſtances of my own life, I will prove the inconſtancy

of fortune, and will tell the children, that, of all the bleſſings I have poſſeſſed, I have nothing left but my education, which obtained me the friendſhip of Mrs. HILL, and the opportunity of being of ſervice to them. In correcting their ideas, I will ſhew them that a noble pride ought to lead us to make a good uſe both of proſperity and adverſity; for I cannot be contented with ſeeing their bodies clothed and fed, without correcting their minds and paſſions.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

I Am now returned to Mrs. HILL's, and was juſt going to give you an account of the good work I mentioned in my laſt letter, when that lady informed me that ſhe had written a letter to you, in which ſhe mentioned every circumſtance. O, my dear EMILIA, how admirable would be the moral part of our globe, did all the rich, after Mrs. HILL's example, rejoice at being furniſhed with an opportunity of making a good uſe of their wealth! I muſt now give you the reaſons which made me chuſe Miſs LEHNE to fill the employment with which ſhe is entruſted. You know that I came to be acquainted with this poor family by her ſpeaking of them, before me, to Mrs. HILL. I obſerved in her half compaſſionate, half ſevere tone, a ſecret jealouſy of the favours beſtowed on theſe people, and the deſire of engroſſing them all to herſelf. At the ſame time ſhe talked of what ſhe would do, were ſhe in Mrs. G.'s place. It gave me pain to

ſee ſuch guilty ſentiments ſucceed the friendſhip of youth, which was ſaid to have been then warm and active, and I had the courage to form a plan for rendering this half-perverted being of ſervice to her former friend. I took no notice to Miſs LEHNE of what I had obſerved with reſpect to her, and only deſired her to introduce me to Mrs. G. The diſtreſs in which we found her friend, and the affection with which ſhe behaved to Miſs LEHNE, moved her. I took advantage of this diſpoſition, and taking her aſide, gave her an account of my ſcheme; and painting the part ſhe was to act in the moſt pleaſing colours, repreſented that if ſhe acquitted herſelf well, ſhe would draw upon herſelf the favour of heaven, and the reſpect of all good people. I endeavoured to convince her, that ſhe would even do much more good than Mrs. HILL, who, with all her diffuſive liberalities, only enjoyed the pleaſure of diſtributing, from time to time, a part of her ſuperfluities; while her patience, her aſſiduous and daily efforts, would ſhew a heart richly fraught with the moſt generous and excellent virtues. I prevailed the more eaſily, as I added, that this would be a means of pleaſing Mrs. HILL, who was fond of the ſcheme. My plan was therefore approved, and for the firſt fortnight I preſided at it's execution.

The

The first day, after having distributed Mrs. HILL's presents, I mentioned to Mr. and Mrs. G. the manner in which I viewed their situation, with the plan of life, which I believed would be agreeable to them, and desired them to inform me of their objections, and particular views.

Before they had time to answer me, I thought it necessary to give a picture of some parts of my own history. I particularly dwelt on the wealth and respect I had enjoyed. I mentioned the wishes and inclinations I then indulged, with the impossibility of my now gratifying them; and concluded my account with encouraging exhortations. The method I took to excite their confidence, disposed them to follow my advice. The best things that a person of wealth and prosperity could have said, would have made little impression on them; but the thought of my being poor and dependent, like themselves, rendered their minds docile and flexible. I asked them, what they would have done were they in my place? They answered, that they were delighted with my principles, and should be charmed at being able to think like me. I then expatiated upon what I would do in their situation, and they all heartily consented to all I had proposed. Oh, thought I, if in doing good, people always consulted

the circumſtances and inclinations of thoſe on whom they pretend to confer favours,—if, inſtead of ſhocking that ſelf-love which is natural to us all, they knew how to take advantage of it, with as much addreſs as the flatterer employs to gain his ends, the empire of morality would long ago have extended its bounds, and the number of its ſubjects have greatly encreaſed.

But to return. On the ſecond day I perſonated Mrs. G. and in that character reminded Miſs LEHNE of their ancient friendſhip; aſſured her, in Mrs. G.'s name, that I ſaw her with joy in the poſt ſhe was going to fill, from my being perſuaded that ſhe would make the beſt uſe of the authority with which I entruſted her. In ſhort, I particularly explained every thing I expected from her, I having before agreed with Mrs. G. on what Miſs LEHNE was to perform; I recommended the girls to her care, and added (under the character of Mrs. G.) that in every thing we would act in concert. The two following days I took the place of Miſs LEHNE, and then I ſucceſſively played off the three girls. While we were at work I endeavoured, by an improving converſation, to pour into their hearts inſtruction and peace, either by having recourſe to the great truths of religion, or by fixing their views on the beauties of nature. Mrs. HILL

furniſhed

furniſhed us with ſome books which I had pointed out to her, and the two ſons read ſome paſſages by turns, and I added remarks ſuitable to their years. As the two eldeſt girls are very ſenſible and ingenious, I teach them embroidery, and, to excite their diligence, have ſhewed them the advantage they will receive by excelling in it. A part of the gain you obtain for your works, ſaid I, may be employed in purchaſing new materials, and the reſt in procuring for you various things which you want: I promiſed them alſo to teach that work to nobody but themſelves. This idea of ſelling and buying renders the mother and her daughters very aſſiduous, and they work all day with great alacrity.

Miſs LEHNE aſſures me, that every thing continues upon the beſt footing imaginable; and ſhe herſelf is extremely delighted with the praiſes that are given to her conduct.

I could not leave the houſe without ſhedding tears. I intend to return thither twice a week, and each time to ſpend two hours in my viſit. The fortnight I paſſed in that houſe glided away in innocence and peace: every minute was employed in the exerciſe of an active virtue, in doing good and in giving inſtruction. Pray to God, moſt dear EMILIA, that theſe grains of good ſeed,

ſcattered by a feeble hand, may produce a rich harveſt for this family! Never, no never, did the produce of my eſtate, which put it in my power to relieve the unhappy, procure me ſuch ſatisfaction as ariſes from this reflection,—that, without the help of gold, and only by exerting my own abilities and principles, and by conſecrating to it ſome days of my life, I have done this family all the good they were capable of receiving.

LETTER XXXIV.

MRS. SUFFERING TO EMILIA.

CONSULT, my dear, your husband's metaphysical skill, whence arose the contradiction to be found between my ideas, and the sensations which always subsist in my heart, when I complied with Mrs. HILL's entreaties to persuade the amiable widow C. to determine in favour of one of her admirers. Whence could I resolve, to plead the cause of a man, and to paint the charms of love, when that passion had caused all my troubles? Was it not more natural that I should approve of the amiable widow's coldness? I cannot believe that it was caused by the spirit of contradiction; or that it can be possible, that in one of the folds of this heart, torn by love, there can be found any impression of that lovely form under which I used to consider it during the sunshine of my early youth. Have my long afflictions brought my juvenile reason to that degree of maturity necessary to enable me to canvass and decide on the concerns of others, without intermingling any sentiments of my own? Assist me with your opinion; for I

am at a loſs what judgment I ought to form of myſelf. The following is an abridgment of my converſation with the amiable widow.

It is known that four men of merit ſeek to obtain your hand; and may I take the liberty, madam, to aſk, why you are ſo long in making your choice?

I can chuſe neither of them. I would enjoy that liberty which I have obtained by many diſagreeable circumſtances.

I don't blame your love of liberty; but the beſt uſe you could make of it, would be voluntarily to make ſome worthy perſon happy.

Oh! the happineſs you mention exiſts only in the warm imagination of a lover, and will ſoon vaniſh.

This may be true, where love only enters the ſoul by the eyes; but it cannot be applied to the woman who is beloved for her virtues and amiable endowments.

But every body has particular ideas of happineſs; and my ſecond choice may again fall on one whoſe ideas of it may not agree with mine, and we may both have reaſon to complain.

This is an artful excuſe, but it is not quite juſt. An interval of ten years between your firſt choice and the ſecond, has made you acquire ſufficient experience to know how to judge of the difference of perſons and cir-

circumſtances, and enables you particularly to avoid whatever was diſagreeable in your firſt union.

You take advantage of every thing. But tell me, dear Mrs. SUFFERING, which of them you would chuſe, were you in my place?

He who would render me the moſt happy.

And, in your eyes, this would be ——

The exalted genius and good-nature of an amiable man of learning aſſures you, that the leaſt ſpark of your merit would not be overlooked, and that, by his converſation, the nobleſt part of yourſelf, already ſo excellent, may be much improved. With what happineſs would his ſenſible heart be filled, from the abilities, the extenſive knowledge, and ſublime happineſs, of the lovely partner of his ſoul! And how ſweet would it be, to a mind like your's, to add to the felicity of ſuch a man, to have a ſhare in his reputation, and in the warm regard of his friends?

O, Mrs. SUFFERING, with what addreſs you preſent the fair ſide of things! But ought I not to foreſee, that the ſame ſenſibility, which you ſo pleaſingly deſcribe, will make him diſcover my defects; and then to which ſide will the balance incline?

Your natural ſweetneſs and complaiſance would make thoſe ſlight defects ſo light as to diſappear.

What a dangerous woman! You conceal the chain by covering it with flowers.

You wrong me! I shew you flowers because love strews them at your feet, and it is in your power to gather them.

But you say nothing of the thorns which lie concealed under them.

I can't answer for this; for I am afraid of offending your judgment.

Pray don't fear; but go on, and shew me the beautiful colours of the other ribbons you intend as favours for me.

Let us see: perhaps the birth and personal qualities of a noble Prussian warrior, are more proper than the placid hand of the Muses, to tame that amiable vivacity which gives you uncommon charms. This would be a glorious union. I see an illustrious name, an elevated rank, a generous mind; you are beloved with a true affection, founded on your character; you will have a prospect of inhabiting a fine house, and of acquiring new friends. In short, does not his sacrificing prejudices so common among the ancient nobility, merit that of your irresolution and mistrust?

With what art, thou enchantress, dost thou blend thy colours!

Why, my dear Mrs. C. do you call me enchantress? Do you feel a strong attraction in the splendid union I have in view for you?

Yes;

Yes; but, thank heaven, you fright me, by endeavouring to dazzle me.

Charming diſtruſt! Oh, why cannot I place it in the ſoul of every ſenſible woman, who, attracted by the brilliant colours of an artificial fire, gives herſelf up to the pleaſing illuſion, till ſhe ſuddenly falls into the gloom of miſery.

O, Mrs. SUFFERING, how you ſoften me by this language! You awake in my maternal heart a ſoft ſollicitude for my daughter.

I could not forbear embracing her for this tender emotion of a ſoul in which true goodneſs reſides. Allow me, ſaid I, in this moment conſecrated to ſenſibility, to fix your attention on a kind of felicity leſs brilliant, but more ſweet, which you may enjoy in Mr. T's delightful country ſeat. By uniting yourſelf to him, you will at once fulfil three eſſential duties; you will crown the wiſhes of a man of merit, who loves you, not for your perſonal charms, which he has never ſeen, but from the portrait that has been given him of your mind; you will crown the wiſhes of a man, who aſſures you that your daughter ſhall become his, and that he will leave her heireſs to his great eſtate: thus you will ſecure the fortune of that beloved daughter; in ſhort, you will fill your father's heart with joy, by forming an union which he highly approves, the happineſs of

which will recompence, in the decline of life, all the cares he has felt for his children. Weigh well the force of theſe conſiderations, O you whoſe benevolent and generous heart would contribute to the happineſs of all around you!—I ſhall ſay nothing, madam, of your fourth candidate, though I have heard much of his perſon, his wit, his abilities, and his virtues. I have laid before you the motives which would determine me, were I in your place, and leave you to proceed as you think proper. I am very ſenſible that we have all a different manner of viewing objects, and that our ſenſations are influenced by the point of view in which we obſerve them; but there is one ſide on which we all ſhould keep an attentive eye; that is, the happineſs of our fellow creatures, which ought to be as dear to us as our own, and which we are not to prevent from trivial motives.

You plunge me (ſaid ſhe, ſhedding ſome tears) into the greateſt embarraſſment; but my ſad experience renders me averſe to every thought of marriage, and I heartily wiſh all theſe gentlemen wives more worthy of them. I do juſtice to their merit; but I have been ſo ſeverely gauled by my firſt yoke, that even a ſilken tye appears diſagreeable to me.

I have now fully complied with your friend's deſire; and, as you have taken your reſolution,

reſolution, I have nothing farther to ſay, except wiſhing that you may be always happy.

She here embraced me; and at my return I earneſtly entreated Mrs. HILL to trouble her friend no more on that ſubject; but having retired into my room, I no ſooner began to recollect myſelf, than I was aſtoniſhed at the part I had juſt acted, and at the zeal I had ſhewn in this affair.

Help me, my dear EMILIA, to unravel what paſſed in my ſoul; for I can give no account of it. Adieu!

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

Lord SEYMOUR, *to Dr.* BURTON.

My dearest Friend,

ASSIST me with your advice, and prevent my sinking under that distress into which I am again fallen, and from which I shall probably never be freed. You know that I had stifled my passion for the lovely SOPHIA STERNHEIM, from my belief of her having married JOHN, which had alienated from her every spark of my esteem. I even began to experience the charms of a tranquil affection for Miss C. when an unexpected order from court obliged my uncle to go to Wolfembuttle. Our parting cost the amiable Miss C. some tears, and I was as dull as she. Dissatisfied with the fetters in which the ambition of my family, and my uncle's regard for me, kept me bound, I sat gloomy and silent by his side, vexed that nothing could remove the steady composure of his mind, and shewed but little gratitude for the patience with which he bore my ill humour. But imagine, if possible, from the account I am going to give you, the revolution which soon happened in my mind.—On the evening of the second day of our journey our postilion lost his way, and the weather

weather being very tempeſtuous, we reſolved to paſs the night in a village at a diſtance from the road. Our coach drove up to an houſe of entertainment, and we were juſt going to alight, when the hoſteſs cried out, "Oh, you are Engliſhmen! If you are, "you may go farther; we have no room "for you here! You may paſs the night in "the foreſt; for no Engliſhman ſhall ever "more enter my doors!" While ſhe uttered theſe laſt words ſhe pulled her ſon by his arm, who appeared a civil young man, and endeavouring to ſoften her reſentment, prevented her ſhutting the door. The ſingularity of this ſcene roused my attention. Our men inſtantly began to give them ill language; but my uncle commanded ſilence, and turning to me, ſaid, Something is the matter; ſome very ſerious affair muſt have happened here, ſufficient to ſtifle the uſual greedineſs of gain among ſuch ſort of people. He then called the woman with great mildneſs, and deſired her to be ſo good as to tell him the reaſon of her refuſing to admit us into her houſe.

It is becauſe the Engliſh have no conſcience, ſaid ſhe. They make no ſcruple of rendering the beſt people in the world miſerable, and I am reſolved that none of them ſhall ever more darken my doors; ſo that you, with your fair ſpeeches, may troop off! You all of you know how to give ſmooth words!

She

She then turned her back on us, and ſaid to her ſon (who was doubtleſs urging the profit they ſhould gain by us) No, though they would fill my room full of gold, it ſhould not make me break the vow I made, for the ſake of that dear lady!

My heart now burned with impatience; but my uncle calmly beckoning to the young man, aſked him the reaſon of his mother's averſion to us, and of her refuſing to let us enter her houſe.

About half a year ago, anſwered he, an Engliſh lord ſent here his wife, a beautiful and ſweet-tempered lady; he afterwards came himſelf, and then went away again. While he was abſent ſhe was always melancholy; yet ſhe gave my couſins new cloaths, taught them to work, and to make many pretty things, and did a deal of good to the poor. Oh, ſhe was as mild as a young lamb! My father himſelf, who was harſh and cruel, grew better tempered from the time ſhe entered the houſe, and we all loved her. But one day, when the curſed lord had been ſome days abſent, one of his men came on horſeback, and ſaid that he brought a letter to the lady. We aſked him if his maſter would ſoon come. No, (ſaid he, in an inſolent manner) he does not come again, and here is money to pay for her board a month longer.—My mother, ſuſpecting no good, ſlipped into a chamber by the ſide of

that

that where the lady was, in order to know what was in the letter, and ſaw her on her knees, all in tears. Her chambermaid alſo wept. Her marriage, ſhe told her, was a baſe counterfeit; that the meſſenger who had brought the letter had performed the ceremony in a clergyman's habit; and that the letter informed her, that ſhe might go where ſhe pleaſed. She accordingly ſet out a few days after, but ſo ill, and in ſuch low ſpirits, that ſhe muſt certainly have died on the road: and for this reaſon my mother will ſuffer no Engliſhman to ſet his foot in her houſe.

My uncle, looking at me with concern, ſaid, CHARLES, what ſays your heart to this ſtory?

O my lord, it is my SOPHIA! cried I; but the raſcal ſhall be puniſhed—I will purſue him—It is LOVEILL—None but LOVEILL could be guilty of ſuch horrid villainy!

Friend (ſaid my uncle to the hoſteſs's ſon) tell your mother that ſhe has reaſon to hate this abandoned Engliſhman, who ſhall be puniſhed with the utmoſt ſeverity: but ſee and procure us admittance. At this he deſired us to ſtep out of the coach, and ſaid that he would go and endeavour to appeaſe her.

He then ran into the houſe, and ſoon after the woman herſelf came to us, ſaying, If

you

your promiſe to bring this abominable villain to puniſhment, come in, and I will tell you all. You are a gentleman in years, and may chaſtiſe the cruel baſeneſs of a young man. I hope you will make an example of him, and prevent his being guilty of any other crimes.

Slow and ſilent my uncle and I followed her up ſtairs. Here, ſaid ſhe, here ſtood the dear angel when her lord paid her the firſt viſit. Well, he ſeemed to be very fond of her, and ſhe held out her pretty hand ſo graciouſly to him, that I was quite rejoiced at their union: but ſhe talked ſo low and ſo little, and he ſo loud; beſides, he ſtared at her in ſuch a queer manner, and ſoon after made ſuch a calling among his people, as eaſily raiſed a ſuſpicion of ſomething. My huſband could alſo bluſter and make a noiſe, though when we were firſt married he was as mild as any thing: but every man has his way. Yet, after all, how could any one think that this lord would deceive ſo pious, ſo beautiful, and ſo virtuous a lady?

We were then in the cloſet which belonged to her maid. She then ſhewed us the outer room of the lady's apartment, and called a girl to tell us where ſhe ſat when ſhe was inſtructing her young ſcholars. The landlady then taking down a drawing from the wall, ſaid, Here is my little garden, my bees, and the meadow where my cows are feeding:

feeding: it was ſhe who drew all this. In giving this piece to my lord, ſhe kiſſed it, and ſhedding tears, ſaid, O my dear, dear lady, God for ever bleſs you! You are now certainly in heaven.

The firſt glance I caſt on this deſign convinced me that it was drawn by SOPHIA. The exactneſs of the outline, and the delicacy of the ſhades, convinced me that it was her's. I felt my heart oppreſſed, and was obliged to ſit down. My eyes overflowed with tears; for who could forbear lamenting the unhappy fate of the moſt noble of women? I was alſo affected by the ſincere, though rude affection of our hoſteſs. She was pleaſed with my tenderneſs, and ſaid, clapping me on the ſhoulder, Well done! This grief is commendable! Pray to God to give you a good heart, that you may not deceive any body; for you are an Engliſhman, and a handſome man too, and may have ſome young innocent in your eye! The ſon, the maid, and all the people of the houſe now joining us, related many particulars in relation to the young lady, and many inſtances of her goodneſs. They at length ſhewed us her bed-chamber, and our hoſteſs continued, After ſhe received the letter ſhe never ſet her foot in this room, but lay with her maid. There is the cheſt of drawers where ſhe ſhut up all the trinkets in gold and diamonds which he brought her.

Oh,

Oh, what fine things did he give her! But I had orders to give them to him again; for ſhe would keep none of them. Two days after ſhe was gone, came another letter, and the man ſaid we ſhould ſoon have him here again; but I delivered to him the packet of jewels, and drove him out of the houſe.

My uncle took exact informations of every thing that had paſſed: I did not hear half: I was out of myſelf; and the woman not being able to tell me where the lady was gone, all the reſt ſignified but little to me. I had heard enough to make me ready to die with compaſſion, and the adorable image of ſuffering virtue again ſeized on my whole ſoul. I entered the maid's cloſet, and contemplated the ſpot where SOPHIA fell on her knees, and felt the inexpreſſible grief of finding herſelf deceived and abandoned. LOVEILL's bed-chamber inſpired me with no leſs horror than it did her. I again entered the maid's room, and threw myſelf on the bed where my SOPHIA had paſſed nights of anguiſh. Here, ſaid I, here reſted the lovely creature, in whoſe arms I ſhould have found the moſt ſolid felicity: here her tortured heart groaned at the treachery of the unworthy monſter! Yet did this idea mingle a pleaſing ſenſation with that deſpair with which I was overwhelmed. O SOPHIA, I wept for thy fate, thy loſs, and not leſs for my behaviour towards thee! Yes, I found

a pleaſure, a mournful pleaſure, in thinking that my tears followed the traces of thine, and would be confounded with them. I aroſe, and kneeled on the ſame ſpot where the cruel idea of her injury had made her faint on the floor: there ſhe had reproached herſelf for her blind credulity; there—I ſwore by her memory to revenge her.

O, my friend! why did not the wiſe maxims I have learnt from you ſtrengthen my reaſon? Why did they not weaken my ſenſibility?—How miſerable was I! how worthy of pity! I curſed the hours in which ſhe had been LOVEILL'S, when her beauty, her raviſhing charms were in the power of that villain! She loved him—ſhe met him with open arms!—Oh! how was it poſſible that a ſoul ſo tender, ſo pure, could unite itſelf to the moſt inſenſible, to the moſt abandoned of mortals?

I bought of our landlady's ſon the little pillow of the maid's bed: upon it SOPHIA'S head had lain, agitated with grief like mine; we both had wetted it with our tears. Her misfortunes link her to me. Separated from her, doubtleſs for ever, it was neceſſary that in this cottage I ſhould again experience the charms and the torment of that ſympathy, which ſhe alone has made me feel.

In the morning my uncle found me feveriſh: his ſurgeon opened a vein, and an hour after we proceeded on our journey. But before

fore our departure I ſtole from the hoſteſs the drawing ſhe had ſhewn us, and gave ſome guineas to the young pupils of my SOPHIA.

That coldneſs which policy is more or leſs accuſtomed to communicate to the ſoul, and which paſſes ſlightly over any private diſaſter, allowed my uncle to uſe a multitude of arguments to calm my ſorrow and my rage. I heard him in ſilence; but the night recompenſed me for this conſtraint, and I paſſed it indulging my grief. My mind is at preſent more calm: my powers are revived by the hope of revenging on LOVEILL, her whom I adore, even though he enjoyed the higheſt poſt in the kingdom. Obſerve him when you go to London: ſee if he does not diſcover deep traces of inquietude and remorſe. Oh, may he ever feel their torments!

I take all imaginable pains to get information of the fate of SOPHIA, but hitherto they are as ineffectual as are all the efforts made to tear her image from my heart.—The torments I ſuffer for her are become the only ſatisfaction I can reliſh.

Honour and friendſhip required me to apprize Miſs C. of the change which has taken place in my ſoul. Ought not the innocence of SOPHIA, whom I firſt loved, to juſtify me in her eyes?

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

Count R. *to Lord* SEYMOUR.

My Lord,

YOU tranſmit me an account of my dear unhappy niece: but, good God, how afflictive is that account! The moſt noble-minded, the moſt accompliſhed, the beſt of young women, fallen a prey to an infernal villain! When you mentioned your uncle's ſecretary, I thought that a man of his rank could never obtain the hand of SOPHIA. Her ſeduction muſt have been the work of a ſkilful hypocrite, who knew how to cover himſelf with the appearance of virtue. I implore the aſſiſtance of Lord G. to bring the villain to juſtice, though he ſhould be protected by the whole nation. Nothing but the unfortunate circumſtance of my wife's ill ſtate of health, and the illneſs of my only ſon, ſhould detain me here; but being unable to leave them, all that I can do in favour of my beloved niece, is to demand of the court that her eſtates be, by order of

the prince, put under ſequeſtration, that, according to her intention, the revenues may be reſerved for Count LOBAU's children: but neither their father nor mother ought to enjoy them; they were the firſt who tore the heart of the gentle SOPHIA, and were the only cauſe of that anguiſh which precipitated her into ruin.

Oh that I could ſoon repair to D. and that we had but ſome inſight into the place where ſhe is to be found! But happen what will, whether we find her or no, the wretch who did not know how to value ſuch a jewel, who has ſeduced, who has abandoned her, ſhall ſuffer for his crimes.

I really pity you, my lord, for the torments you endure from a paſſion which has rendered you ſo unhappy.—But how could a man, who ought to have known the ſex, fail of doing juſtice to this admirable girl, and for a moment ſuſpect her virtue? Pardon me, my lord! It is cruel to add to your grief; but it proceeds from my warm affection for her, which carries my reſentment too far, and makes me blame, with the ſame indignation, what has paſſed, and mention what might have been done to prevent it.

Spare neither enquiries nor expence to diſcover the retreat of this dear girl. Oh, I tremble leſt you ſhould only hear of her death!

Woe

Woe to the Lord LOVEILL, nay woe to yourſelf, if you refuſe to join with me in revenging her! But on the contrary, all the proofs that you ſhall give of your tenderneſs to her, even though they ſhould be ſlow, will make you find in the uncle of the beſt of girls, the moſt tender friend, and the moſt devoted ſervant. I will ſhare with you in the whole expence; for our inquietudes, our intereſts are the ſame.—Here I keep our misfortunes ſecret, to preſerve the tender heart of the counteſs from the deepeſt affliction.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

MRS. C. the amiable widow, has a mind equally delicate and ſenſible. She lately obſerved, that I had concluded my repreſentations and my viſit ſooner than ſhe expected. Some days after ſhe came with a tender inquietude to aſk me the reaſon of it. I myſelf had perceived, that my ſilence and unexpected departure might appear ſtrange; but not being willing to offer violence to her ſenſations, and being afraid of ſuffering myſelf to be drawn away by my own, I thought the only part I had to take was to make an abrupt retreat. On my return to my chamber, I clearly perceived that my diſpleaſure againſt the lovely widow aroſe from her not being actuated by ſo warm a deſire of communicating happineſs as I ſhould have been, were I in her place. It gives me inconceivable pleaſure, that the huſband of my EMILIA has put this conſtruction on my zealous ſolicitations, from his knowing my propenſity to beneficence, though he accuſes me of mingling enthuſiaſm with this virtue. Oh! may the exceſs of a lawful paſſion be the only fault of my remaining life!

I frankly anſwered the amiable widow, that I had been ſurprized to ſee a ſoul like her's, of ſuch tender and delicate feelings, ſo cold to the intereſts of others.—I perfectly conceive, returned ſhe, that your principles muſt lead you to diſlike my irreſolution. You do not know that it was a ſentiment of benevolence that determined my firſt choice; and that I have too well experienced, that one may make another happy without being happy one's-ſelf, to venture again on ſo uncertain a ſtep.

A particular air of tenderneſs gave freſh charms to her lovely features, which, with the ſweetneſs of her voice, was irreſiſtably moving, and recalled to my mind the remembrance of my own hopes, in which I had been ſo cruelly deceived. The pangs which I have ſuffered have encreaſed my compaſſion: warmly affected by whatever alarms this ſenſation, I give it to others with as much readineſs as I formerly ſhared in the happineſs of thoſe around me.

Forgive me, ſaid I; I acknowledge myſelf guilty, with reſpect to you, of a too common inſtance of injuſtice, that of deſiring that others would always conduct themſelves by the maxims we have adopted. Why have I hitherto delayed to put myſelf in your place? Indeed, the manner in which you have viewed my propoſals has ſomething terrifying in it; and as I now no longer look upon you

to be in the wrong, I shall here dismiss the subject.

I am glad that you appear satisfied with me. It is no less certain that you have caused me great uneasiness, and that you have made me not quite satisfied with myself.

I here hastily asked her How? and Why? From the thought, she replied, that so many men worthy of my esteem are rendered unhappy by my refusal. But may not I expiate my fault by some act of beneficence? Have you no employment to give me in your seminary?

I frankly answered, No. However, added I, smiling and taking her by the hand, I would take advantage of your remorse. I have just thought, that as you forego making a husband happy, you may assemble the daughters or relations of your friends, and improve them by your conversation and your lessons: in short, by inspiring them with your manner of thinking, you may fill this place with amiable women, and while Mrs. Hull is forming good servants, you may employ yourself in preparing good mistresses for them. She relished this proposal, and desired that I would immediately furnish her with a plan to assist her in the execution of it. This I thought fit to decline, from my finding it too difficult to form one that would at once suit her views and inclinations. You, madam, said I, have

prudence, experience, learning, a knowledge of the cuſtoms of the place, and a heart full of affability and kindneſs; with ſuch guides you will, without difficulty, diſcover whatever is ſuitable to ſuch a deſign.

Indeed that I very much doubt: only point out to me a book in which I may find directions how to proceed.

By following the method preſcribed in a book, you would ſoon tire both yourſelf and your young friends. Among theſe you will find many who have been brought up in a very different manner, a number of circumſtances having concurred to prevent their parents giving them a regular education; and girls of fifteen years of age, like your daughter's companions, will not ſubmit to it. Beſides, you are not to keep a ſchool; I would only have you, in ſuch converſation as may happen to ariſe, ſeize the opportunity of inſtructing theſe young people. Suppoſe, for inſtance, one of them, while they are with you, comes to complain that it ſnows, and is out of humour about the difficulty ſhe will find in returning home: ſeize this opportunity to aſk, if they would not be glad to know whence this phænomenon proceeds. Explain this clearly, and in a few words mention the benefits that proceed from it, according to the wiſe deſigns of the Creator; and then, with the gayeſt air, make them ſenſible how unreaſonable it would be to

murmur againſt that ſnow, which, however inconvenient it may be at preſent, will afford them the diverſion of ſeeing a ſledge race. This will lead your young hearers to talk of the pleaſures of winter, and the dreſſes of that ſeaſon. Take particular care not to interrupt them by a too ſerious air, or any ſign of diſcontent: ſhew them, on the contrary, that you are very glad that they communicate their different ideas to you: join in their converſation, either in giving your opinion with reſpect to the good taſte of their winter dreſſes, or in making a deſcription of an entertainment which you will order when a proper occaſion offers. Aſſume an air of gaiety in laying before them theſe ſmiling images: agree with your young audience, that, at their age, they have a right to enjoy all the ſweets of life; but add, that virtue and prudence ought always to be the inſeparable companions of pleaſure.

During this firſt trial, it will be eaſy for you to ſound, to a certain degree, the underſtandings and diſpoſitions of theſe young maidens; and I ſhould be greatly deceived, if they were not very deſirous of returning to your houſe to hear more of your lectures.

I am of your opinion; but allow me to mention one doubt.—You lead theſe young people to the knowledge of the nature and uſe of ſnow, and to form an idea of the benevolent views of the Creator; but would not

not the ſledge race obliterate the remembrance of all the reſt, and conſequently of all your inſtructions.

I don't think it would; for we ſeldom forget what is connected with agreeable ideas. Hence true wiſdom is indulgent; it ſmiles, condeſcends to the human weakneſs, and covers the rugged path of virtue with flowers. Virtue does not ſtand in need of appearing with a grave aſpect, in order to attract our homage. Dignity and decorum are inſeparable from her, even when ſhe preſents herſelf in the garb of feſtivity and joy; and then alone ſhe inſpires reſpect and love. In conducting youth we ſhould not uſe menacing geſtures, but gracious actions. As long as we dwell on this earth, our ſouls muſt communicate with each other by the ſenſes, and if theſe are affected in a diſagreeable manner, the contraſt found between the formal conſtraint of leſſons, and the natural inclination to pleaſure, will produce fatal conſequences with reſpect to our progreſs in moral improvement. It is not without a gracious deſign, that the Creator has rendered us ſuſceptible of the ſweet impreſſions of joy; nor that he has multiplied the ſources from whence theſe ſweet impreſſions ſpring. Paint therefore virtue under attractive forms; mingle with the idea that of innocent recreations, and then ſee if youth and gaiety will fly from you, to ſeek a recompenſe from falſe

and dangerous pleaſures for thoſe virtue refuſes. Even *divine morality*, in ſhewing us the path of wiſdom and virtue, fixes our regards on celeſtial and immortal joys.

While I thus ſpoke, Mrs. C.'s fine eyes were fixed on me with a look of ſurprize and pleaſure. I begged her pardon for having talked ſo long; but ſhe aſſured me that ſhe heard me with great ſatisfaction, and deſired to know why I had not undertaken the education of young ladies, inſtead of ſtooping to teach girls deſigned for ſervice.

I anſwered, that in comparing the ſeveral advantages attached to each rank, thoſe of the inferior claſs of the human race had appeared ſo limited, ſo inſufficient, that I was glad to add ſomething to it, in this little corner of my country. The great and wealthy, independently of the advantages which ariſe from fortune and reſpect, find all the means of inſtruction, both in books and in the converſation of perſons of learning and good ſenſe; while the inferior claſs, though of ſuch uſe to the community, have a moſt ſcanty meaſure of knowledge and improvement.

You talk of knowledge; ought I to make my young pupils learned women?

By no means; for among a thouſand women, there is ſcarce one to be found to whom learning, properly ſo called, would ſuit. No, my dear Mrs. C. keep them cloſe to the

the exerciſe of every domeſtic virtue. At the ſame time give them ſome knowledge of the air they breathe; of the earth on which they dwell; of the plants and animals by which they are cloathed and ſuſtained. Give them likewiſe a ſketch of hiſtory, that they may not be reduced to ſilence, in the company of men, when they diſcourſe on that ſubject, and that they may draw moral conſequences from it. Give them only a definition of the ſciences; for inſtance, what is underſtood by the words philoſophy and the mathematics: but with reſpect to the idea affixed to the term a noble ſoul, as well as to all thoſe expreſſive of the virtues that reſult from benevolence, make them conceive clear ideas of them in their fulleſt extent, either by definitions, or more particularly by examples of perſons diſtinguiſhed by the practice of this or that virtue.

Ought I to allow them to read Novels?

Yes, ſince it would be very difficult to prevent their doing it: but take all poſſible care to chuſe ſuch in which the principal perſons are guided by the beſt principles; thoſe in which are repreſented ſuch true ſituations as are to be found in real life. If we were to prohibit the reading of all novels, we ought alſo to forbid the mention, before young people, of thoſe love intrigues which frequently paſs in the town where they live, and under their eyes; it would here be ne-

ceſſary that the fathers, the brothers, the huſbands, ſhould not be allowed to mention before them the ſcenes of gallantry of which they have been witneſs. Without this prohibition, the view of a novel reduced to action in real life, on the one hand, and the prohibition of reading thoſe pieces on the other, would produce a dangerous contraſt. I muſt alſo add, that an excellent man, well acquainted with human nature, wiſhed that the youth of both ſexes might be led to gratify their curioſity by reading accounts of voyages and travels: for the natural hiſtory of various countries, and a deſcription of the manners of the inhabitants, would become the ſource of a thouſand ſubjects of uſeful knowledge. I would wiſh alſo to be able to collect moral pictures of the virtues of each ſtate, and particularly thoſe which fall to the ſhare of women. The French are in this reſpect more happy than we; the merit of the ſex obtains from that nation publie and durable monuments.

Does it not thence follow, that our talents and our virtues are more meritorious than their's, ſince we endeavour to acquire them without being animated by the hope of reward?

That is true; but it is only ſo with reſpect to the few minds who do not ſuffer themſelves to be deterred by any of the difficulties they meet with, and not in relation to

thoſe who have need of encouragement to enable them to overcome them. I would therefore have a model of conduct propoſed to each different claſs, taken out of the claſs itſelf. When a woman has diſtinguiſhed herſelf by her zeal in the cauſe of virtue, and by the improvement of her mind has rendered herſelf reſpectable, and worthy of being choſen as an example to others, ſhe might have a diſtinguiſhed ſeat in public aſſemblies, or the particular form of ſome part of her dreſs might be ſubſtituted inſtead of a reward; as was practiſed among the ancients, who were ſo well acquainted with the human heart. But it is not for us to form ſuch an inſtitution: it is ſufficient for us to do all the good in our power. I am to-day in the claſs of thoſe who are poor and reduced to dependance; I therefore think myſelf obliged to lead them, either by my example or inſtructions, to all the degrees of light and happineſs of which they are capable. I ſhall, at the ſame time, take care not to inſpire them with the ideas and inclinations which belong to the ſhining ſtate from which I have deſcended, from the certainty that ſuch a mixture would be only a ſource of error and regret. You, madam, are a widow, and poſſeſs one of the firſt ranks in this place: a happy temper, and an agreeable ſhare of wit, render your acquaintance ſought after by all of your rank. You have a daughter

to

to educate, and it would be highly praiſe-worthy in you, to afford a ſhare of the inſtructions you give her, to the young ladies whoſe mothers are diverted by other concerns from that important care. Teach their daughters to think and to regulate their conduct in ſuch a manner as to become valuable women; and this will be a good way of repairing the injury you do to ſociety by your vow of celibacy.—This concluſion made her ſmile, as did alſo my excuſes for having taken the liberty to trace out a plan for her; and at our parting I received from her all poſſible marks of her friendſhip and ſatisfaction.

Adieu, my dear EMILIA! Don't you think we have been a long time ſeparated? I believe I ſhall not long be able to reſiſt my deſire of paying you a viſit.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA. *

I Am obliged, my dear EMILIA, in ſpite of myſelf, to accompany Mrs. HILL to the baths. It is true, I have loſt my health, and am ſenſible that I have need of the relief which I am aſſured the waters will afford me. A ſecret uneaſineſs conſumes my ſtrength, and my application to labour, excited by my zeal, has lately contributed to that weakneſs for which you were pleaſed to expreſs ſuch a ſympathetic concern, when I had laſt the ſatisfaction of being at your houſe. Yeſterday your huſband got the better of my averſion, by his promiſing to ſpend the firſt week with us; and by that time he imagines that my diſlike to the company of the great will ſubſide. He likewiſe affirms, that my heart has this winter ſo exhauſted the faculties of my mind, that nothing but a clear air, and the charms of ſociety, can reſtore my health. I am ſo meagre and pale; my eyes, which once attracted others, are ſo ſeldom lift up, and my dreſs is ſo plain, that I have nothing to apprehend from the ſolicitations of men. So, my dear friend, adieu for two months. We ſhall ſet out to-morrow morning, with your huſband, ROSINA, and one ſervant.

* Some months had paſſed between this and the preceding letter,

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

The Spa.

TELL me, my friend, how came your husband to obtain such an influence over my mind? It was he who in bringing me to Mrs. HILL, made me again engage in active life; it was he who drew me hither in spight of myself; and it is he, who, on the fourth day of my being here brought me acquainted with Lady SUMMERS, and has formed so close a connection between that lady and me, that I am to accompany her to England. He has let you know that we arrived happily here, and that the report of Mrs. HILL's wealth procured us greater deference and respect than we desired. On the very first evening when he heard that Lady SUMMERS was at the Spa, he paid her a visit, and the next day shewed her to me on the walks. She is a graceful figure, notwithstanding her being extremely infirm; humanity is painted on her countenance; her large eyes are filled with sensibility, and a graceful dignity accompanies all her actions. She courtsied to Mrs. HILL and me, and viewed us with much

much attention, without ſpeaking to us, but called Mr. BR. from us. The day following ſhe took him from us to dine with her, adding only on addreſſing herſelf to me, I hope this evening you will come and ſup with me: but before I could anſwer her, ſhe was got at a diſtance. But I ſhould not have been able to ſpeak to her without ſtammering; for you cannot imagine, EMILIA, the painful ſenſation I felt from the genuine Engliſh accent which ſtruck my ears. The fright I felt from it was as ſudden as a flaſh of lightning, and with it crowded upon my ſoul the remembrance of the moſt painful ſcenes. Happy was it for me that my lady quitted us, for had ſhe ſtayed, my embarraſſment would have been too viſible.

In the evening Mrs. HILL, Mr. BR. and I ſupped with her. My lady was extremely obliging, but ſhe kept a moſt inquiſitive eye on every part of my behaviour. She commended Mrs. HILL for founding her ſeminary, and added, that at her return to England, ſhe would follow her example. Mr. BR. on interpreting this to Mrs. HILL filled her with a ſenſible ſatisfaction, and one might ſee her generous heart ſmile through her tears on hearing it; but ſuddenly taking me by the hand, ſhe deſired Mr. BR. to inform the lady, that ſhe had ſpent only ſome ſuperfluous money in this good work, while the honour of the deſign was due to me.

I bluſhed extremely, which my lady perceiving, ſaid, ſtroaking my cheek, It is well done, my girl, true virtue ſhould be always modeſt.

My attention to entertain Mrs. HILL, and to tranſlate into German moſt of the things ſaid in Engliſh, alſo obtained her ladyſhip's approbation. She will certainly, ſaid ſhe, ſee happy days, ſince ſhe endeavours to give happineſs to thoſe of an advanced age. This reference to my future life, which is all wrapt up in obſcurity, touched me to the quick, and it was impoſſible for me to avoid letting fall ſome tears. My lady, whom nothing eſcaped, leaned towards me with a look full of tenderneſs, ſaying, Amiable and ſweet creature, I know a hand that will wipe away thy tears.

I bowed and caſt my eyes on Mr. BR. who with a look of ſatisfaction was going to ſpeak, when the lady ſaid, Not a word more to day on this ſubject. To-morrow will clear up every thing.

Since this to-morrow ſix days have paſſed, during which my irreſolute heart has fluctuated between the propoſals that have been made me and the difficulties I have foreſeen. At length I have determined to paſs this year at my lady's country ſeat, and to return with her the next ſeaſon for drinking the waters. Nothing ſhould have made me conſent to go to London. Heaven preſerve me from

from meeting any of the Engliſh whom I already know! But none of thoſe will ever come to ſearch the retreat of an old woman; I can, therefore, without fear ſatisfy the deſire I have long entertained of ſeeing that country, and enquiring after the family of the WATSONS. Mr. BR. has repreſented to Mrs. HILL, that ſhe ought not to oppoſe my going, ſince my preſence will be of uſe to Lady SUMMERS in ſuperintending a charitable foundation in England in imitation of hers.

O EMILIA! my Lady SUMMERS is a perfect angel, who for a long courſe of years has proceeded from place to place, pouring the conſolations of friendſhip, a healing balm, into hearts filled with ſenſibility. Hence my ſoul, by being united to hers, reſumes a new being, and ſhe alone can comfort me in my abſence, for a time, from the deareſt of my friends.

LETTER XL.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

Summer-hall.

MY firſt letter from hence ſhould inform you of my being happily arrived in England with my dear lady, and I hope my ROSINA, Mr. BR. and the benevolent Mrs. HILL have as happily returned home. I am very ſorry that ROSINA could not get the better of her dread of the ſea, for I ſhould have been glad of her having accompanied us into the ſmiling abode in which I now reſide.

You, my EMILIA, have certainly read ſome deſcriptions of the Engliſh country ſeats: Imagine to yourſelf one of the fineſt in the Gothic taſte, and call it Summer-hall; but place on the ſide of the park a large village, and repreſent to yourſelf my lady leaning on my arm, walking through the ſtreets, talking to the children or the laborious poor, viſiting the ſick, or aſſiſting others who are in diſtreſs. Thus is her ladyſhip employed in the afternoon and the evening. In the morning I read to her and take upon me the management of the family.

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The viſits ſhe receives from her few neighbours, eſpecially from the miniſter of the pariſh, who is an excellent man, ſo fill up the remainder of the day as to leave me little time for my own particular reading. Among the books my lady has ſelected, ſome turn on the national ſpirit, others on the due ſenſe of our approaching diſſolution. In ſhort, her library is compoſed of political tracts and the beſt Engliſh ſermons. I add to it the natural hiſtory of the country, being deſirous of extending my progreſs in my favourite ſcience, and I entertain myſelf on this ſubject in my walks with the clergyman's family, whoſe wife and daughters are very ſenſible women. I enjoy my health, and taſte a ſweet ſatisfaction; but it more reſembles a calm repoſe than pleaſure, becauſe my ideas and ſenſations have no longer their former vivacity. Perhaps I may be infected by the breath of that ſweet melancholy which is infuſed into the beſt minds in this iſland, and ſpreads like a light cloud over the moſt lively characters. I begin again to ſuffer my voice and lute to be heard, and I prize them both when after having ſung and joined my hand in an adagio, I receive my lady's embraces. But judge, EMILIA, of the ſtrength of my inclination for England, when notwithſtanding the torturing remembrance of one of its natives, I can find pleaſure in breathing the air of a park,

park, and regard this land as my country. I have adopted the dreſs of the Engliſh; I ſpeak their language, and would alſo aſſume their manners: but my lady ſays, that in ſpight of all my endeavours, I cannot get rid of an amiable foreign air which accompanies all my actions. The confidence of thoſe of her people whom I have gained, their attention to her, and their eagerneſs to ſerve her, which ſhe condeſcends to attribute to my influence over them, is what of all my ſervices moſt affects her, and this excites in her heart a tender gratitude. Seldom have I ſlept in this houſe without experiencing a ſenſation of pure joy, after having received the bleſſing of my dear lady, and the affectionate wiſhes of her people that I may enjoy a good repoſe. In the morning I go down into the park, where the ſhepherd wondering to ſee me at the riſing of the ſun, cries, Good morrow, good miſs. This expreſſion at the inſtant when I ſee the Creator's bounty ſpread out before me in rich luxuriance, ſeems to me a teſtimony that I alſo freely fulfil the law of beneficence, and with my eyes overflowing with gratitude, I bleſs the author of my being for having left this power in my heart. You know that the leaſt of the beauties of nature claim my attention. Moſs and the flowers of the field can attract my notice, and moſt objects awaken my ſenſations. The branches ſhoot-

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ing from the root of a tree that has been blown down by the wind, have made me ſay, Am not I like a young tree torn up by a tempeſt? In the midſt of its bloom it loſes its top and its branches: long its ſad remains lie extended withering on the ground, till at length new branches ſhoot from the root and grow under the care of nature, riſing till its branches extend around a ſalutary ſhade. I have loſt my reputation, my fortune, the place I filled in ſociety: long was my ſoul buried in grief, but the good principles of my education, which my fate could not extinguiſh, have acquired new force, and enabled me to produce ſome acts of beneficence. Thus this tree has become my emblem; the young branches ſhade only the riſing moſs; I at firſt ſought for objects only in the inferior claſs of the human race; but now the ſcene is changed, and I devote myſelf entirely to my dear LADY SUMMERS, who repoſes on me all the cares of life; I aſſiſt in ſmoothing the thorny path ſo difficult at ſixty years of age, and conducting her between her fleeting pleaſures and approaching infirmities.

LETTER XLI.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

Summer-hall.

DO we not see, my dear EMILIA, that the rich feel a kind of want which they in vain endeavour to supply, by assembling every kind of enjoyment? This is owing to their not having learnt, that the mind and the heart have a void which all the gold of the Indies, all the jewels and all the luxuries of the world, are unable to fill. The inventions of art cannot supply, in a sensible heart, the place of an absent friend, nor the charms of an instructive conversation with those we love. As for me, I at present find myself rich; most of the blessings of life are at my disposal; I am sensible of the value of the favours I have received from Providence; but my heart wants to pour forth its effusions into the bosom of my EMILIA. I have here, however, the happiness to be beloved: my principles, which I modestly express when an occasion offers, procure me esteem. A sense of the beauties of SHAKESPEAR, THOMSON, ADDISON, and POPE, furnish my mind for conversing with our minister, and a very philosophical nobleman in our neigh-

neighbourhood. EMMA, the clergyman's eldeſt daughter, is mild, ſenſible, and poſſeſſed of an excellent mind; but I find, in the midſt of her embraces, that ſhe cannot ſupply the place of my firſt friend. Don't call me ungrateful to her, though I know myſelf poſſeſſed of her friendſhip as well as your's. I write to you thoſe ſenſations over which I muſt here draw a veil. My EMMA's converſation turns on the ſubjects canvaſſed in my English abode; and I cannot help meditating on the length of the way my poor letters have to travel, and ſenſibly feeling what a pauſe this frightful diſtance gives to the favourite cuſtom of my heart, in opening itſelf to you. I may, my deareſt EMILIA, be deſtined to paſs through the whole train of moral ſenſations, in order that I may more readily and accurately obſerve their many degrees and viciſſitudes, proſperous and adverſe: however, in this part of my deſtiny I ſhall willingly acquieſce, while I retain the ſame ſympathy for my neighbours ſorrows and joys, and, as much as I am able, lighten the burthen of their affliction.

The kind Lady SUMMERS has thought fit to conſult her own honour and my ſuppoſed pride, by repreſenting me to her friends as a perſon of noble birth, who loſing her parents, made a very diſadvantageous match, and was ſoon after deprived of her huſband.

The fineness of my linen, my laces, my bracelets, and my behaviour, have contributed more to confirm her in the truth of this account, than my way of thinking could have done. But it is a beautiful proof of the lady's virtue, that she gives credit to mine; and her friendship for me will not permit any one to doubt the purity of my manners. The air my lady breathes, says the clergyman, is so moral that the vicious cannot approach it. The Lord Rack, the philosophical nobleman I have just mentioned, has a seat at a mile's distance, built in the most noble taste. The finest ornaments within it consist of natural curiosities, a collection of mathematical instruments, and a numerous library, in which are twenty volumes in folio, which contain most of the plants of our globe, dried and arranged by his lordship himself. The desire of seeing his fine garden, which is partly cultivated by himself, and his park, which joins to our's, alone induced us to pay him our first visit; but the plain simple manner in which he shewed us all his treasures, the fruit of his long travels into the East, with the vast extent of his knowledge, and acquaintance with the fine arts, give such charms to his conversation, that my lady has resolved frequently to repeat her visits; it being extremely agreeable, she observes, at the evening

ing of life, to please our eyes, by viewing the wonders of the creation. My Lord Rich, who has lived here in the country a kind of solitary life, with no other companion but the clergyman, is much pleased with our acquaintance, and is disposed to cultivate it. He enjoys a perfect tranquility and repose, which is visible in his whole behaviour, so that one might imagine that his mind partook of the nature of the vegetable world, whose operations are incessant without being perceived: it also appears to me, that he now observes the moral part of the creation with the same assiduity as he formerly studied the works of nature. My EMMA and Lady SUMMERS will be gainers by this, but I must own it makes me afraid. The other day, asking his opinion of one of my thoughts, he answered, To discourse freely with you on your refined sentiments, would be a noble pleasure; but the hand of complaisance only holds them out to us, from the mist which over-clouds your mind. This threw me into some perplexity, and I asked him, if he thought my mind clouded? He, giving me a kind and tender look, answered, Not as you are pleased to take it; but do not those tears, which I see rising in your eyes, shew that I am in the right, else why do the emotions of your soul condense the mist I mentioned into rain? Dear madam!

I will mention it no more; but do not you ever ask what judgment my heart forms of your's.

You see, my EMILIA! how much I want you. To you I would lay open all my sentiments; my heart would then be comforted, and no longer appear as through a cloud. I recovered myself so far as to answer, that I desired he would impute these clouds to circumstances, and not to my natural temper.

I am convinced of it, said he, and you may make yourself very easy: it required all my penetration to perceive them; they would escape the observation of others. Our conversation was here interrupted by our being joined by Miss EMMA; after which Lord RICH avoided observing me with such attention.

LETTER XLII.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

TELL me, my EMILIA, why are the beſt of men ſubject to prejudices? Why does a man of merit conſider as a breach of decency, the love with which his perfections inſpire a worthy woman, and cannot pardon her endeavours to gain the eſteem, and to pleaſe the object beloved!

Theſe queſtions took their riſe from Lord RICH, whoſe mind appears to be diveſted of all prejudices, and to be only guided by wiſdom and virtue; yet he ſeems to view with diſlike Miſs EMMA's tender affection for him, though he always ſpeaks of her in terms of eſteem, and cannot refuſe her the juſt praiſes due to her wit and diſcernment, and to the goodneſs of her heart. As an effect of the ſame caprice which prevents his returning the paſſion he has inſpired, he begins to ſhew me a particular reſpect that has all the appearance of love, and gives me no little uneaſineſs; though, except my eſteem for him on account of his virtue and extenſive knowledge, I am quite indifferent.

Many ſentiments do I ſuppreſs only to avoid his praiſe, and to prevent my pouring a drop of oil into a fire which I wiſh extinguiſhed; for, being reſolved not to return his love, it would be an inſtance of criminal vanity in me to endeavour to feed it.

This afternoon we are to pay him a viſit, in order to be preſent at a new experiment in agriculture, (the ſowing a piece of land by means of a machine,) and my lady is too fond of ſeeing the works of huſbandry to loſe this opportunity. Every day, ſays ſhe, brings me nearer to an union of this frame with my mother earth, and this, I think, makes me love it the better.

We paid this viſit yeſterday, which, my dear EMILIA, would have been ſpent happily, if an accidental circumſtance had not happened againſt my lord and me. I was ſeated by the ſide of the clergyman, while the Lord RICH talked to us of tillage, the difference of ſoils, and conſequently the different means required for cultivating them with ſucceſs. His language was noble, ſimple, and intelligible. He gave us an account of the various inventions to which each of ſuch a nation had recourſe to correct the badneſs of the ſoil, and how far their labours were attended with ſucceſs. When he had done ſpeaking, I could not help ſaying to the clergyman, in a low voice, that it

were to be wished that moralists had studied man, the force and nature of his new-born inclinations and passions, in order to indicate the different means of rendering each, in his own manner, better and more useful.

They have long, said he, been employed about this, but they have hitherto found among mankind many ungrateful soils that refuse all culture, and the best seed is thrown away upon them. I continued, with a sentimental air, to draw some parallels between the moral and physical world. The minister heard me with great composure; but Lord RICH, who was placed behind us, suddenly started up, and taking me by the arm over my chair, O madam! said he, what have you to do in the great world, with a heart like yours? You have certainly not been happy! Doubtless my answer pleased him; for in an enthusiastic transport he cried, Noble soul! happy is the country that gave thee birth! It was sweet Humanity, it was Virtue herself, that took pleasure in forming thee.

An emotion which sprung from my heart made me apply my lips to the portraits of my parents, which I always wear in my bracelets, and these were instantly moistened with some tears. I arose, walked to the window, and Lord RICH followed me thither. I observed that he partook of my sadness, when

some minutes after I cast my eyes on him: his were fixed on my bracelets. Are those, madam, (said he, in a soft voice,) the portraits of your parents? Are they still living?—Oh! no, my lord; if they were, I should not have been here, and my eyes would shed no tears but those of joy.—Was it a storm then which drove you to England?—No, my lord, it was friendship brought me hither; my own free choice.—I thank you, returned he, for your half confidence, since it lets me know that you are disengaged. It is on this assurance that the most noble passion a man can feel founds its hopes.—That can't be, my lord, said I; she who is thus free, is for ever excluded the hopes of what is called happiness.—My lady, who was walking up to us, heard these last words, and putting her hand upon my mouth, cried, you must not say that. Why will you confound the past with the future? Go, my dear, Providence will take care of you; but do not expect that all your unjust and unreasonable expectations will be answered.—This reproach exciting my sensibility, made me blush: I kiss'd the hand that would have imposed silence on me, and asked, in the most tender voice, Most dear lady, when have you found me unjust and unreasonable in my expectations?—I blame your settled grief, said she, for what is past; a useless

grief, as there is no returning from the grave. O my dear, my well-beloved Lady SUMMERS, cried I, why, ah why——This exclamation proceeded from my being so affected by her goodness that I could not help inwardly lamenting my being reduced to the necessity of imposing on her by a false account; but she attributed it to another cause, and interrupting me, said, No more of your complaints, but, my dear girl, employ your sensibility on agreeable subjects, and depend on my maternal tenderness as long as you can receive, and I bestow it. I pressed her hand to my breast, and looked at her with all the affection of filial love; her heart understood mine, and she rewarded me with a tender embrace. Lord RICH viewed us with emotion; and at that instant I saw EMMA's fine eyes fixed on him with all the languor of love. I said to his lordship, in Italian, that it was there he would find generous unmixed sensations, and such only as would secure the happiness of a man of noble sentiments. No, madam, said he in the same language, that sensibility is not adapted to render a solitary happy.—What did he mean?—I was at a loss to guess.—Shaking my head, with a look but half pleased, O my lord, said I, of what kind then are your sentiments? Of the most durable, he returned; for they are produced by virtue;

To this I made no anſwer, but, dropping a curteſy, turned towards EMMA, who giving me her arm, ſhe walked with me towards Summer-hall, but during all the way was buried in penſive ſilence; and to-day I hear that ſhe is diſpoſed to leave us.

Adieu, my EMILIA! At this inſtant I receive the tranſporting pleaſure of a letter from you, and learn that all I love at Vaels are happy.

LET.

LETTER XLIII.

Miss SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

LORD RICH perſecutes me with his love, his admiration, and his propoſals, which give me pain, from my being certain that it is in my power to render him happy. Oh! could I have foreſeen that the conformity of our taſtes would have inſpired him with the thought that a ſympathetic love might be kindled between us, I would have carefully concealed the power which the beauties of nature have over my mind, and have denied myſelf every kind of private converſation with him: but I was the more eaſy in this reſpect, from my not being ignorant that he had brought from the iſle of Scios a very accompliſhed Grecian beauty. For a long time I attributed his

eagerneſs to converſe with me, and the deſire he expreſſed to know my opinion, to the pleaſure he found in converſing on his favourite ſubjects. With the moſt fixed attention I ſometimes liſtened to the hiſtory of a foreign country, and the wonders of diſtant regions; ſometimes to the deſcription of a plant, a ſtone, or ſome Grecian ruin. Thus I made him taſte the ſatisfaction of communicating his knowledge, and of obtaining the praiſes which the uſeful employment of his life and wealth deſerved. I ſet a high value on this nobleman's converſation, and on the improvement I received from it. His reſolution, after travelling ten years in the moſt diſtant countries, to employ the reſt of his days in the improvement of the agriculture of his native land, claims alſo my approbation and eſteem; but his love is a ſuperfluity which perplexes and diſturbs me. He has made many enquiries of Lady SUMMERS about me, and whether that lady's anſwers have or have not encreaſed his flame, they ſeem to have

rendered

rendered him more preſſing, and a ſingle word I dropped to her ladyſhip, engaged him to diſpoſe of his fair Greek, and to ſend her to London, with the huſband he has given her. I cannot expreſs how much this pretended ſacrifice weighs with me. His ſecretary, he ſays, has for a long time loved this girl, and was beloved by her, and both have begged him on their knees to favour their union: but he feels the void which this ſeparation has left in his heart. At the break of day he is ſeen in our park, which deprives me of the morning air; for I ſhun it, in order to avoid meeting him. Never, no never, will I, for the future, have recourſe to artifice to draw myſelf from any perplexity.

Lady Summers having one day bantered me on Lord Rich's growing paſſion, I amuſed myſelf with contradicting her in the ſame ſtrain, and maintained, that in him it only proceeded from ſelf-love, and from the manifeſt pleaſure I ſhewed in hearing him talk: but ſhe ſeriouſly anſwered,

answered, His lordship loves in you the laudable desire of acquiring knowledge, and when he enlightens you with his literary rays, ought your raillery to be his recompense? This reproach affected me; for though I cannot bear the least appearance of injustice, I now felt that I had been guilty of it. However, her ladyship continued, in a very kind manner, to remind me of the convincing proofs his lordship had given of his tender esteem and settled affection for me. I agreed that his sentiments merited a return on my part; but, observing that at every declaration of my friendship for him she shook her head, and required something more, I assured her that, to me, it appeared impossible that my lord could require more, as I supposed he enjoyed, in his beautiful Greek, all that he could expect from love. Her ladyship then broke off the conversation, without letting me perceive that she imagined she had now discovered the only obstacle to my lord's wishes. He, for some days, did not

say

say a single word of his passion, yet appeared more gay than usual, especially when he told us of the marriage and departure of his ASSY. I was struck with this news, and feared that he would offer me the entire possession of that heart which, by ASSY's engagement, was reverted to the right owner. He still said nothing to me; but her ladyship spoke for him. How is it, said I, how is it, my dear lady, that you want to part with your adopted daughter? Do you cease to love her?—No, my dear child, answered she, taking hold of my hand, you are infinitely dear to me, and I shall certainly feel the absence of her who takes such tender care of my declining age: but I have sufficiently provided for the Autumn of my life, and need not to strip your Spring of its fairest flowers. You are young, beautiful, and a stranger, and what would become of you, should I die!

Should I survive that misfortune, I will return to my EMILIA.

My

My dear girl, conſider things well! A woman of your birth and figure ought to be under the care of her near relations, or under the protection of a worthy huſband. You have a ſincere eſteem for his lordſhip, and indeed he deſerves it; you know that his happineſs is in your hands; you prize his friendſhip; you are delighted with his acquaintance; in ſhort, you are your own miſtreſs, and the moſt noble motives concur to make you agree to this union. Procure then, for the mother you have found, the ſatisfaction of ſeeing united, in your perſon and that of his lordſhip, the moſt beautiful models of virtue that can be held up to either ſex.

How preſſing was my lady! I reclined my head on her hand, which I kiſſed and bathed with my tears. Her voice penetrated through my ſoul, and ſeemed to be the echo of the voice of my own tender mother. Such virtues, ſuch motives were the bonds of the union ſhe formed: but alas! how different was my former choice from her's! but here can my lord's merit

be

be compared to that of my father, and my happineſs be equal to that he enjoyed? but the circumſtances, the fatal circumſtances of my ſtory!—O EMILIA, write to me—delay not to write to me—communicate to me your thoughts!—Yet I can love no more—no more can I diſpoſe of myſelf. Even the tender eſteem I feel for Lord RICH riſes againſt that thought. A perfidious hand has humbled me in the duſt. Humanity might have raiſed me, and I was entitled to her aſſiſtance; but my thoughtleſſneſs has raviſhed from me every other bleſſing; and I will not uſurp a happineſs to which I am a ſtranger—a happineſs of which I am unworthy.

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LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. SUFFRING *to* EMILIA.

O My dear friend! an unforeseen misfortune is rushing upon me, which I doubt whether all my constancy will be able to support. What adds to my pain is my seeing myself forced to have recourse to dissimulation, an expedient, which of all others, I most dread and detest. But in the circumstance wherein I am placed, a candid account of all I have suffered can be of no use to me, and may be prejudicial to others; I am therefore determined to confine within my own heart, the torment which preys upon it. Nay more, I will employ for the amusement of him who caused it, all the imagination I have left, and which was formerly so inventive. Read, my EMILIA, and pity the

the misfortunes which purſue the friend of your youth. But firſt I ought to give you an account of my converſations with Lord RICH.

A few days ago I was obliged to hear the hiſtory of his heart, which he concluded with a deſcription of his love for me. This love, ſaid he, is the paſſion of a man of forty-five years of age; reaſon gave it birth, and my knowledge of mankind, with all the lights I have obtained by experience, have conſpired to ſtrengthen it.

My lord, ſaid I, you deceive yourſelf, reaſon never pleads in favour of love againſt friendſhip; my heart offers you the higheſt degree of that; but ceaſe—Not a word more, madam, till you have heard me. My reaſon has made me your friend, and a man of equal merit could have inſpired me with an equal degree of eſteem.—Here he enumerated the virtues and improvements of which he imagined me to be poſſeſſed. I anſwered, that he drew an agreeable picture of an object to

which

which I was a ſtranger. He continued his elogium, and concluded with ſaying, that both my heart and mind were in ſuch union with his thoughts and ſentiments, that on our being united there muſt reſult the moſt perfect harmony.

The image of his felicity was touched with ſuch affecting ſtrokes, that I plainly perceived his lordſhip was acquainted with all the ſprings of my ſoul, and knew what would lead me to render a worthy perſon happy. With all poſſible delicacy he delineated the felicity of our union. O my EMILIA, it was the faithful copy of the wiſhes and hopes I had formerly nouriſhed! Deeply affected, I could not reſtrain my tears. He roſe from the green bank on which we were ſeated, ſeized both my hands, and preſſing them to his breaſt, examined me with an attentive and tender air. Then cried, O madam, what an expreſſion of grief is ſpread over all your features! Either death has ſnatched from you a perſon whom you adored, or there is in your ſituation an hidden ſource

of

of the moſt bitter grief. Oh give it vent; pour it, pour it into the boſom of the moſt tender, the moſt faithful friend.

I let my head ſink upon his hands, by which he ſtill held mine. The ideas of my misfortunes, the merit of this generous man, the heavy chain of my marriage, though only ſuppoſititious, the thought of the happineſs which he loſt by placing it upon me, at once ruſhed upon me, and overwhelmed my ſoul. I could not ſpeak, but my ſighs forced themſelves a paſſage.

He was for a moment ſilent, then with an agitation which made his hands tremble, he ſaid in the moſt dejected and mild voice: Oh the agony of your grief gives light to a moſt alarming day.—Your huſband is not dead—an accident merely the effect of the laws of nature might deject, but could not thus overwhelm a ſoul like yours. But this man is unworthy of you, and the idea of his chain wounds your heart.—Am I in the right? Oh ſpeak—tell me if I am miſtaken. His diſ-

courſe

course made me tremble, and I found it still more difficult to speak than before. He was so good as to say: Enough for to day. Compose yourself; let me only gain your confidence.—I lift up my eyes, and from an involuntary emotion squeezed his hand.—O my Lord RICH! was all that I was able to say. Excellent heart! he cried, Who is the unhappy wretch that could not distinguish thy worth, and that could make thee suffer?

My dear lord, you shall know all, all without reserve. You deserve my confidence.

Scarce had I spoke these words when one of Lady SUMMERS's servants came to let me know that she would speak with me on some important letters she had received from London. I strove to compose myself, and hasted to my lady, who immediately told me, that her only niece had just married Lord N. and that this would procure her, within a fortnight, a visit from her brother and the new married couple. We must, added she, contrive

trive some pretty rural entertainment, in order to give pleasure to these young folks, while they are at their old aunt's. She then, rising, put into my hand the letter the young couple had written to her, and left the room to dismiss the messenger. O EMILIA, how did I tremble on seeing by the hand that the letter was written by Lord LOVEILL, who is now the Lady ASTON's lawful husband! With trembling steps I proceeded towards my chamber, in order to conceal my confusion from Lady SUMMERS. I could not shed a tear, but was ready to be stifled with grief. How sensible was I now of my imprudence in coming to England! I saw myself reduced to the necessity of quitting my tranquil my blest asylum. It is impossible, said I, for me to stay at Summer-hall. Ah! I cannot envy the villain his happiness; but why must I again become his victim? I approached the window in order to recover my breath, and lift up my eyes towards heaven; O God, O my God, cried I,

the ſupreme Ruler of all, ſupport me under my misfortunes! What muſt I—What ought I to do?

It was by a kind of miracle that I was enabled to recollect my ſpirits—I reſolved to conceal all, to aſſiſt my lady in her preparations for their reception, and at length to feign a ſickneſs that ſhould oblige me to keep my bed, and to diſpenſe with my ſeeing ſtrangers. This is the only part I can take in this extremity. I ſtifled my grief, and went to Lady SUMMERS, whom I heard ſpeaking from the window to the meſſenger, whom ſhe diſmiſſed with a handſome gratuity. She then, addreſſing herſelf to me, expatiated on the opulence and influence of the family of Lord N. who, by his brother's deceaſe, was become the ſole heir of that houſe. Now, ſaid ſhe, my brother will ſurely be ſatisfied, his only fault is ambition, and moſt heartily do I ſhare in his joy.

Friendſhip and gratitude were, at this inſtant, my ſupports, without which how could

could I, amidst the disorder of my soul, have had the strength to keep my seat, or the power to feign a smile! The part I took in my benefactress's joy served to fortify me. During the first hour my heart experienced the most dreadful torment it had ever felt; but it would have been criminal to have filled the soul of my dear lady with anguish, by revealing my secret to her. She loves me, she is just and virtuous; a sensation of horror would fill her with aversion to this wicked man, now her nephew, and the beloved husband of her niece. Perhaps too, he may be filled with remorse; perhaps he has resolved to become an honest man; and certainly he himself would be in the greatest perplexity, could he know that I am here. He has never known me; never has he suspected that it would be one day in my power to hurt him. But I will not make use of this power. Let him enjoy the happiness which fortune has granted him. I will not disturb him, and it shall not be

in vain that Virtue offers to my heart the delicate trial, by which she distinguishes her true disciples: the opportunity of *doing good to my enemy*. O Providence, cried I, let me acquire this proof of a true greatness of soul! After this devout exclamation, I burst into a violent but sweet flood of tears, which watered the bed on which I was laid. This act of beneficence, my vow in favour of my most cruel enemy, was rewarded with the most unsullied joy: my heart felt the full value of virtue; it was elevated, it was expanded. My hands then joined from an emotion of the most pure gratitude, though but a few hours before they had been clasped in a fit of despair. I slept peaceably; my awaking was sweet; and with tranquillity I drew up the plan of the entertainment to be given by my lady.— Yet observe, my EMILIA, how easily evil insinuates itself into what is good; for some moments I resolved to execute, in little, the moral festival of Count F, with

a view of giving some confusion to Lord LOVELL: but I rejected this thought, considering it as a species of disguised revenge, which glided into my imagination after I had banished it from my heart.

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I really believe, EMILIA, that Lord RICH penetrates into almost all my thoughts. He did not return hither till the fourth day after our conversation. Her ladyship told him, at dinner, the reason of his finding us so busy, and after it was over conducted him into the rooms already prepared. His lordship seemed to view every thing attentively, praised the whole, but in few words, and followed all my motions with an uneasy and curious eye. Lady SUMMERS left us alone during some minutes, and he approached the table where I was sorting and tying up Italian flowers. He took one of my hands, and looking upon me with the most tender

concern, said, You are not well, my friend; your hands tremble while they are employed: a kind of precipitation in your motions pierces, in spite of yourself, through a feigned gaiety: your smiles do not proceed from the heart. What is the meaning of all this? My lord, answered I, your penetration frightens me.—Then I am right, said he. Ask me no more questions, my lord, my soul has suffered the most violent conflict; but at present, I would sacrifice every thing that concerns myself to the pleasure of the Lady SUMMERS.

I am only apprehensive that you will sacrifice yourself too.

Fear nothing! I am born to suffer, and I must fulfil my lot. It seemed to me that I uttered these words with great composure, and with a smile; yet his lordship was struck with them, and said, Do you know, madam, that a language like this is expressive of the deepest despair, and that it involves me in the most tor-

turing

turing inquietude! — Speak — I entreat you to ſpeak to Lady SUMMERS, cried he: you will find in her a maternal heart. I know it, my worthy lord; but at preſent that cannot be. Baniſh your inquietude on my account. This agitation which you now ſee, is the laſt effort of a ſtorm that will ſoon be followed by a calm. O God, cried he, when will ceaſe the anguiſh in which I am involved by the thoughts of your ſufferings!—I began to be afraid of my being too much ſoftened; but my lady luckily came in, and Lord RICH left us in a ſeeming uneaſineſs and diſpleaſure, which we both obſerved, and her ladyſhip ſaid, How can you, who have a good heart, take a pleaſure in thus tormenting your neighbour! Oh! would I might hope that one of thoſe flowers was to be worn by you, on your accompanying Lord RICH to the altar.—My brother will ſtand father, and as for the mother, ſhe is always at hand.

Deareſt lady, anſwered I, with the moſt lively emotion, my reſiſtance becomes every day more painful: but hitherto it has been impoſſible for me to come to a reſolution. Kindly ſuffer me to be as I am a few days longer. A torrent of tears, which I could not reſtrain, made her ladyſhip alſo weep, and promiſe to ſuſpend her ſolicitations.

LETTER XLV.

From Lord LOVELL, *now become Lord* N. *to his Friend at Paris.*

YOU know that I am married to the rich and high-spirited Lady ALTON, and that she is not a little proud of her having chained me by the laws of Hymen. She bridled her head with the most silly air, when I, to know her thoroughly, asked her with great complaisance, in what I could oblige her. At first I meant only to amuse myself, for a while, in completing my register of female fools: but it so falls out, that I have by this means rendered myself an essential service. After all that wretched bustle was over, during which the new-married pair seem to shew themselves in a mutual triumph,

I asked my lady if she should not like to spend a few days in the country, and she instantly proposed a visit to her aunt SUMMERS, a tiresome old woman; but she is rich, and her estate will be worth having. We accordingly wrote, and sent JOHN with a letter to inform her of our intended visit. The old lady received him as kindly as possible, and while she was answering our epistle, JOHN walked about the anti-chamber with the house-steward. My lady, immediately after he came, asked for Mrs. SUFFERING, and within a quarter of an hour nimbly stept in a young person in an English dress, who, with her eyes half cast down, proceeded through the anti-chamber, and went to my lady. JOHN, quite thunder-struck, perceived it to be no other than SOPHIA STERNHEIM; yet instantly recovering himself, he asked who that lady was? The steward told him, that she came from Germany with his mistress, who loves her extremely; that she is an angel in wisdom and goodness; and that

ſhe and Lord RICH, whoſe eſtate borders upon my lady's, are to make a match of it. — My poor devil now trembled for fear of being called before Lady SUMMERS, and pretended a mighty hurry to be gone. The old lady appeared, but was happily alone. JOHN got himſelf diſmiſſed as ſoon as poſſible, then mounted and ſet ſpurs to his horſe.

Judge yourſelf how much I muſt be ſurprized on receiving this news. Never did any of my pranks give me ſuch uneaſineſs, as that I now felt for the tricks I had played this enthuſiaſt. How the devil came ſhe to venture to ſhew her face in England! Yet it is always ſo. The moſt fearful creature becomes courageous in the arms of a man, and I have certainly communicated to her ſome ſhare of my impudence: yet had I met with her at Lady SUMMERS's, I might have ſtood in need of it myſelf, and have obliged her to return it. Upon my honour, it is very lucky that I have kept JOHN in my ſervice, for the cunning dog was before-

hand with me, and discovered the only step I had to take; that is, to carry off Sophia as soon as possible, and convey her over the hills, and a great way off from Hanover hall. I applauded the thought, and assigned for the retreat of this fair lady, that which Nancy possessed for some years, on the Hopton estate, in the midst of the mountains of Scotland. Her father, though a counsellor learned in the law, was never able to find her; and how then should they be ever able to unkennel a stranger? I agree with you, that it is a cursed fate for one of the finest girls in the world, to be taken so far from home, to eat oat-bread in Scotland, in the hut of a wretch labouring in a lead mine. But how the deuce came she to throw herself in my way in England? Does she not deserve to be punished for this rashness? She does, and is already arrived at the place of her destination, where I have ordered that she shall be well used. Jonas has had the management of the whole affair:

having learned from the steward that my heroine frequently conversed with Lord Rous, the parson, and his wife and daughter, in the garden and park, he caused her to be informed that Miss EMMA desired she would be so kind as to walk with her; which she complying with, he carried her off: and he says that it was with very great difficulty that he took her alive into Scotland. All the way she would take nothing but some water, and, except an exclamation in which she uttered the name of LOVELL, she continued wholly silent and motionless in the carriage, which, with her dejection and paleness, rendered her the image of death. Had you been here, weak as you are, I would have put her under your care, and could you have brought her to be tractable, her conquest would have been worth more than all you purchased at Paris: for she is one of the finest flowers of all those that have withered in the glowing bosom of your friend.

having

No sooner was I informed that she had been missed at Summer-hall for two days, than I went thither with my wife and her father. We found the old lady keeping her bed, all in tears, for her beloved daughter, the comfort of her old age. All the people of the house and of the place, the minister's family, and especially the Lord RICH, an old bachelor who affects the philosopher, join in mourning for the loss of Mrs. SUFFERING. Lady SUMMERS implored my assistance; and I, in appearance, left no stone untugned in order to find her. This gave me an opportunity of learning by what accident SOPHIA appeared in England. Every body are lavish in the praises they bestow on her charms, her talents and her heart. RICH in particular, the wife RICH, has chosen me for his confidant, and it is an excellent stroke that I have persuaded him to believe, that it is *he* who has made Mrs. SUFFERING fly, by his having the art to make her promise to relate her adventures to him. He presumes they must be

be very singular, as every thing in the conduct of that young lady, he says, shews that she has received a most excellent education, that she is possessed of every virtue, and the most exquisite sensibility, and he makes no scruple of believing that some villain has taken advantage of the goodness of her heart, and placed in it the foundation of that distress with which she is incessantly struggling. Now was it not a curs'd affair to have all these things laid before me, and yet to be obliged to affect an air of ignorance? He shewed me a picture of her, that is a very exact likeness, in which she is represented leaning on a table, where there are a heap of butterflies, which were to serve for I. don't know what use in an entertainment provided for us, and of which she herself had given the plan. But this thought did not appear to be one of the happiest, for she does not in the least understand butterfly hunting; for if she did, she would have found means to tie my wings. But her picture made a stronger impression on me

than

than all they had told me of her. Upon my life, I can't think of her without pity. I would fain know what she has done to have Fortune, so be thus, in the flower of her age, snatched from her friends, stript of every thing, and cast into the most miserable corner of the earth; and what business had the fickle goddess to chuse me to be the instrument with her decrees? Oh, I swear that, if ever I bring up a girl, she shall know all the snares with which the villainy of our sex surrounds the innocence of her's. But what is poor Sophia the better for all this? Give us your company here, and we will go to see her in the spring: as for this winter, it is necessary that she should pass it in her exile, though, upon my honour, I can't help pitying her.

It Find

I Find myself obliged, my friend, to resume my pen, in order to fill up a void which I here find in the papers I communicate to you. When my dear mistress, in conformity to Lord LOVELL's barbarous plot, was called into the garden to converse with Miss EMMA, she had just finished her letter to EMILIA. Her first care was to put it in her pocket, not being willing that those who might enter her chamber should discover any thing to the disadvantage of LOVELL, and being pressed to make haste, she snatched up some loose sheets with it. SOPHIA took the way to the park, and after having walked some minutes, returned to the side of the garden facing the village, when perceiving nobody, she thought it best to return by the way she came; but suddenly a woman appeared in the park, and made signs to her. My mistress advanced towards her, while the woman coming to meet her, seized her hand. At the same instant appeared two men in masques, who rushing

ruſhing from behind the trees, came up to the unhappy SOPHIA, threw over her head a round and thick hood, which covered her face, and with the utmoſt violence dragged her away. Her reſiſtance and her cries were in vain; they forced her into a light carriage, which inſtantly ſet off, and travelled all night. In the midſt of a wild foreſt they offered her ſome food; but ſhe would only take a glaſs of water, and they again proceeded forward. Terrified, dejected beyond expreſſion, ſhe was forcibly held in the carriage by an unknown man dreſſed in woman's cloaths, who ſat by her ſide. Once ſhe ſlipped down on her knees to implore his pity, but ſhe received no anſwer, and at length found herſelf removed into a miner's hut in the mountains of Scotland, where they laid her on a wretched bed.

This was all that ſhe has ſince been able to relate, ſo much was her mind diſordered. Her journal, which I am going to lay before you, proves that exceſs of affliction may diſtract the moſt worthy heart;

heart; but it proves at the same time, that no sooner was my poor lady able to recover her spirits, than the excellent principles of her education displayed all their efficacy.

You can better imagine than I describe, the concern the news of her disappearance gave to Lady SUMMERS, and the sighs and tears it cost EMILIA and me. They redoubled, on our hearing that all the methods used to discover any traces of her were in vain. Amidst the cruel uncertainty we were in with respect to the fate of the dearest and best of friends, the following winter was the longest and the most melancholy we had ever known.

THE JOURNAL OF Mrs. SUFFERING IN THE HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND.

EMILIA! name dear and precious! once thou wast the consolation and support of my life; but now thou only serveſt to increaſe my pain. The plaintive voice, the letters of thy friend can no longer reach thee. All, all is taken from me, and the anguiſh of thoſe I love is a new burden which weighs down my heart. Worthy Lady SUMMERS!—Dear EMILIA! Why ſhould you be involved in the anguiſh of my misfortunes!—O God, how

how severely do I suffer for the only false step I have made in the road of duty!—Could my private marriage offend thee?—Poor thoughts—none will read ye!—Why then do I write? These sheets forever unknown, like her who fills them, will perish with me. Nobody but my persecutor will learn that I have ceased to live, and he will be filled with joy, at seeing the witness of his cruelty removed from the earth. O Providence! thou seest my submission—thou seest that I ask no indulgence—thou wilt make me feel the horrors of a slow death. Thou wilt have it, and I consent—only save the hearts of my friends from the grief which preys upon them.

At the beginning of the third month of my exile.

Another month is now elapsed: I recover the powers of thought, but it is only to measure the full extent of my misfortunes. Happy days, what are become of you, when at the early dawn my

hands

hands were lift up towards heaven, while my mind overflowed with fenſations of gratitude and joy, and I bleſſed the author of my renewed life! Now, at my awaking, the fenſation of the continuance of my exiſtence here, ſhews itſelf by my tears and expreſſions of deſpair! O my Creator! is it poſſible that thou receiveſt more pleaſure from the bitter tears of diſtreſs, than from the ſweet tears of filial gratitude?

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Deſtitute of all hope, without ſeeing the leaſt glimpſe of ſuccour, I ſtruggle with myſelf; I reproach as a crime the exceſs of my grief, and follow the inclination which prompts me to take up my pen.

At this inſtant the hope of more happy hours riſes in my ſoul.—But formerly the ſame flattering voice made itſelf ſtill more loudly heard, and has it not deceived me?—Did I then abuſe my happineſs? Has

my

my heart been captivated by the ſplendor which ſurrounded me? Or proud of the ſoul I had received from nature, was that pride my crime?—Poor, poor creature, with whom doſt thou preſume to diſpute! Frail heap of duſt, thou riſeſt againſt the power who tries and upholds thee! Wouldſt thou, by mingling thy impatience and murmurs, ſtill more imbitter the cup of calamity? Pardon, pardon me, O my God! Aſſiſt me rather to acknowledge the benefits which, in this ſtate of exile, thou haſt not refuſed to my feeling heart.

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Come, thou remembrance of my EMILIA, thou image always engraven on my heart, ſupply the want of her preſence! come and bear witneſs that SOPHIA, at this inſtant, renews the vows ſhe has made to virtue! bear witneſs that ſhe reenters the path of duty; that ſhe condemns the exceſs of her ſenſibility; that ſhe

ſhe at length gratefully opens her eyes to the ſuccours of a liberal Providence that has never forſaken her!—It is now near three months ſince a deceitful invitation made me find in the park of Summer-hall, inſtead of the dear and ſenſible EMMA, a barbarian who carried me from thence, and made me travel day and night till I reached the deſart where I am placed. LOVELL! none but thee could have been capable of this baſe cruelty! At the very time when I was labouring for thy amuſement, thou thoughteſt of nothing but forging for me a new chain of misfortunes! —Honour and generoſity are names to which thou art a ſtranger! Thou didſt not think that they would oblige me to keep ſilence, and to fly thy looks. Thou makeſt a ſport of tormenting a heart, with whoſe ſenſibility thou art well acquainted! Whence, O Providence! whence haſt thou permitted all the deſigns of this perverſe man to be attended with ſucceſs, while all the uſeful plans I have

formed

formed are buried with me in these dreary mountains!

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How does self-love render my virtue wavering and uncertain! Two days ago I formed the most noble resolutions: I was determined to walk with patience in the thorny path which opens before me; but suddenly self love recalled to my remembrance what I would have forgotten, and instead of fixing my thoughts on the present and the future, I stopt at what was past and irrevocable.—I cried, Ye lessons of virtue, of knowledge, of experience, to me are lost! My cruel enemy will then have the power not only to strip me of my fortune, and the respect I enjoyed, as a robber seizes a garment, but also to disturb my soul in the practice of virtue.

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Ye blissful hours, ye happiest moments of my life, when I recovered the possession

of

of my whole heart, when was revived the ſweet conviction that even here the paternal hand of my Creator provides for my true intereſt! It is he who has put a period to the errors to which my mind abandoned itſelf during the firſt weeks of my exile: it is he who inſpires my ignorant hoſts with humanity and compaſſion. The good principles imbibed in infancy inſenſibly prevail in lightening the weight of my affliction. The ſerenity of the ſky which covers this deſart, though I cannot view it without ſighing, diffuſes through my heart peace and hope, like thoſe I enjoyed at Sternheim, Vaels, and Summerhall. The height of theſe mountains proclaims to me the omnipotence of Him who formed them: the whole earth is filled with manifeſtations of his goodneſs, of his wiſdom, and I am every where equally ſurrounded by the works of his hands. Here, it is his pleaſure to confound my vanity: he has determined that the laſt hours of my ſtate of trial, and of my life, ſhall paſs without any other

witneſs, but his eye, and the gratulations of my conſcience! Perhaps my death approaches; ought I not then to diſtinguiſh the remainder of my days with the virtues that are ſtill in my power? O thought of death, how ſalutary, how comfortable, when accompanied by the lively hope of a bliſsful immortality! How doſt thou awaken in the ſoul the ſenſe of duty, and give activity to the deſire of doing good! It is thou who haſt enabled me to ſurmount affliction! It is thou who haſt inſpired the deſire of finiſhing my courſe with the moſt holy diſpoſitions, and of ſtill looking for ſome opportunity of being uſeful!

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Yes, I can and I will do good. Patience, the virtue of ſuffering beings, be thou my faithful companion, that, ſupported by thee, I may ſee, with tranquillity, the will of Heaven accompliſhed! It is not till after careful reſearches, that

we are able to collect the ſalutary plants proper to heal the diſorders of the body: not leſs attentive ſhould we be in the diſeaſes of the mind, to diſcover all the means of relief, which, like the other remedies, are often found within our reach; but we are accuſtomed to look for them at a diſtance, and to neglect thoſe that are near at hand. This has been my caſe: my wiſhes and complaints have carried me far from the objects around me, and till lately I did not reflect on an advantage I had in my poſſeſſion, by my having brought ſome ſheets of paper from Summer-hall, which have been of ſuch uſe to me in diſentangling and rectifying my ideas. Was it not the protection of Heaven which preſerved me from outrage during a painful journey, and has permitted me to preſerve all that could be of uſe to me in a more tranquil ſituation?

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O EMILIA, ſacred friendſhip, dear remembrance! thy image riſes ſmiling

above

above the ruins of all on which I uſed to place my happineſs! Thou haſt coſt me tears, floods of tears—but now theſe ſheets are conſecrated to thee! From my early youth I have poured my moſt ſecret thoughts into thy tender and faithful boſom.—It is poſſible that theſe writings may be preſerved: they may reach thy hands, and thus wilt thou ſee that my heart has never been able to forget the virtue and tenderneſs of thine. Perhaps, when I ſhall be no more, thou wilt bedew with thy tears this pledge of the friendſhip of thy once unhappy SOPHIA. Thou canſt not weep over her tomb, for LOVEILL's villainy has induced him to bury his victim in a deſart: but ſince the thought of death and eternity is now come to abſorb both my wiſhes and my complaints, I will take advantage of the calm they inſpire, and deſcribe ſome circumſtances of the precipitate fall which hurries me to the grave. Hitherto it has been impoſſible for me to attempt

it; for I could not think of it without horror.

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I had ſcarce any remains of life when I arrived at this cottage, and during three weeks my mind was in a ſituation impoſſible to be deſcribed. What I have been during the ſecond and third month, is evident by the pieces I wrote when I found myſelf leſs agitated. But judge, EMILIA, of the diſorder of my ſoul which was ſo great as to be unfit for prayer. I did not even call death to my relief; but ſtunned by my misfortune, I ſhould have ſeen the murderer ready to threaten my head without turning to avoid the blow. I was whole days on my knees, not from ſubmiſſion, not to implore the divine compaſſion; but rather from the ſenſations of pride, which induced me to think that I had not deſerved ſo cruel a fate. But, O EMILIA! that thought aggravated my calamity, obſtructed the virtues I was yet able

able to perform, though the performance of them could alone pour the balm of conſolation into the wounds of the ſoul. This I experienced here for the firſt time, from a poor girl, in the fifth year of her age, who had been ordered to ſtay with me; I felt my ſelf affected on ſeeing her feeble hands endeavour to raiſe my dejected head. I did not underſtand her diſcourſe; but I was moved by the ſound of her voice, and the language of her countenance was that of nature, tenderneſs and innocence. I claſp'd her in my arms, and ſhed a flood of tears; theſe were tears of conſolation, and the firſt of this kind I had ever ſhed. The gratitude excited in my heart by the affection of this little creature, was mingled with the idea that God had given a poor infant power to make me enjoy the ſweets which flow from pitying others. From this day I compute *the cure of my ſoul.* The loſs of my ſtrength and the pain I felt from my being obliged to live on oaten bread, made me think that my death was near: the remainder of my life was paſſing

away far from thoſe I love, but I reſolved to offer to my Creator a heart filled with reſignation and love, and that thought reſtored all the ſprings of virtue in my ſoul.

I kept my little benefactreſs in my own ſmall room, made her ſhare my bed, and received from her the firſt leſſons of the ſtrange language ſpoken here. I afterwards took this child with me into my landlady's room. Her huſband has long worked in a lead mine, but being diſabled by illneſs, employs himſelf with his wife and children in cultivating a ſmall ſpot of ground granted him by lord HORTON, near an old ruinous caſtle. They there ſow hemp and oats, the former for apparel and the latter for bread. Poor as they are they are good tempered, and all their wealth conſiſts in the few guineas they have received for keeping me. They rejoiced at ſeeing me more compoſed, and at my coming to ſit with them; they were deſirous of teaching me ſome of their language, and in about a fortnight I was able to aſk them ſhort queſtions, and to

anſwer

anſwer ſuch as they aſked me. Theſe people have received ſtrict orders not to take me beyond a certain diſtance from their houſe; but on one of the laſt days of autumn my guide took me ſomething farther. Oh what a poor appearance does nature make in this part of the country! we plainly ſee that its bowels are of lead. I could not behold without tears the barren and ill cultivated field which produces our oaten bread, nor the cloudy ſky over my head. Recollection drew from me deep ſighs; but a look I caſt on my pale conductor made me ſay to myſelf, Have not I, during my youth, enjoyed in plenty all the bleſſings of life, while this man and his family have hitherto only known penury and want, yet they are the work of my Creator. None of the nerves, none of the muſcles neceſſary for the enjoyment of the bleſſings of nature is wanting in their bodies; ſo far there is an entire reſemblance between us; but in their ſouls how many faculties ſleep and remain in torpid inaction! How deeply concealed, how incomprehenſible

prehenſible is the reaſon of this diſtribution, which rendering the corporeal faculties common to all, leaves millions of creatures in arrears with reſpect to the unfolding of the qualities of the mind! How have I rejoiced, and I do ſo ſtill, that in cultivating my mind, and the diſpoſitions of my heart, I have been taught what I owe to God, and to mankind, my brethren! Sacred duties! real bleſſings! thoſe alone, which being collected upon earth, we can take with us. Oh may impatience never make me abandon you!

I endeavoured by behaving with the greateſt affability to reward my keepers for the goodneſs of their hearts, and eagerly apply'd myſelf to learn their language. Surprized at the harſhneſs with which they ſometimes ſeemed to treat the little girl, I diſcovered by my queſtions that ſhe was not their child; but judge of my confuſion when I heard that ſhe was Lord LOVEILL's, that her mother had died with them, and that her barbarous father allowed them nothing for her ſupport.

On

On receiving this information, I was obliged again to have recourſe to ſolitude, and again I felt the whole extent of my misfortune. O the poor mother! ſhe was beautiful, like this infant, young alſo and of a ſweet temper—Near her grave will be dug mine! O EMILIA, EMILIA, how ſhall I ſupport this trial! The amiable LYDIA came to me. I had thrown myſelf on the bed, and ſhe ſeized one of my hands which hung out of it, while my face was turned towards the wall. I had heard her coming, and this, with the ſound of her voice, ſet me a trembling, and by an involuntary motion I ſnatch'd my hand from between her's. The poor child, all in tears, went ſobbing to the foot of my bed. I then felt the injuſtice I was guilty of, in making the unhappy innocent ſuffer; I reſolved to conquer this averſion, and to give proofs of my affection to the daughter of my murderer. What a pure joy aroſe in my heart, when riſing, I called the little LYDIA, took her in my arms, and in her boſom vowed to be kind

so her! I will not break this vow; it cost me too much before I made it.

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O LOVELL! thou compleatest the severity of my fate! This day a messenger arrived with a large packet, and he who sent it had the baseness to make a jest of the affair. He wrote, that as my time at court appeared long, because I could not work there in embroidery, I might be in the same case in the Highlands of Scotland, and on that account he thought some work for the winter would not be unacceptable, and he would take care to send for it in the spring.—I will begin this work.—Yes, I am resolved upon it. He will receive the pieces after my death: he will see the last effects of the barbarity with which he has treated me, and may remember how happy I was, when for the first time he saw my hands employed at my needle, and into what an abyss of

misery

misery he has thrown me, and then left me to perish.

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Never, no never, for the future, will I yield to the murmurs of self-love. How false and capricious are the judgments it dictates! I complained of what is now my entertainment. Yes, my labour brightens the dark days of winter; my keepers examine it with an ignorant astonishment, and I take pleasure in teaching it to their daughter, who, having worked the first leaf, looks about her with an air of pride and satisfaction. Poverty is the mother of invention, and this I have found by experience. Lord HOPTON, the owner of the mine, has a house a few miles distance, where he from time to time spends a few days. When he was last there, he had a sister with him, for whom he has a great affection, and who, being a widow, seldom leaves him. Upon her I found hopes and schemes, which the

continuance of my life prompts me to form. I adviſe my keepers to place their daughter MOLLY in that lady's ſervice, and promiſe to inſtruct her in every thing neceſſary for her to know, in order to be admitted. I am already teaching her to ſpeak and write Engliſh.—She comes on very well in embroidery, and neceſſity having obliged me to make two caps of the lace of my neck-handkerchief, I have taught her to do it. As to other things, I give her my inſtructions while we are at work. This girl is uncommonly ſenſible and ingenious. It is through her means that I hope to become free; for I flatter myſelf that it will be in her power to make me known to Lady DOUGLAS. Oh, may I not be deprived of this hope!

* * * *

I now alſo employ myſelf about my little LYDY, who begins to be pleaſed with the uſe of the needle. My keepers, from their love to me, keep up ſomething

of

of cleanlineſs in their dwelling, and my oat-cakes begin to agree with me. The wants of nature, my EMILIA, are eaſily ſatisfied; I riſe contented from the moſt frugal table, and my keepers hear me talk with ſurprize of other countries. I have ſtill the dear pictures of my father and mother; I have ſhewn them to theſe good people, while I was relating my education and former kind of life, as far as they could comprehend it, or as it would be of uſe to them. I have ſeen them ſhed tears on my relating the happineſs I have enjoyed, and the patient reſignation which has now taken poſſeſſion of my heart. Seldom do I ſpeak of you, EMILIA; for I have not yet ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport the idea of our ſeparation, and that of the pain you feel on my account. Could I, by my ſufferings, remove thoſe which you and my dear lady feel for me, I believe I ſhould at length be able to ſay that my ſufferings are at an end. But Providence knew what would render me moſt worthy of pity: it knew that, com-

forted

forted by my innocence, and fortified by my principles, I might bear up againſt my own calamities; and being deſtined to be unhappy, I can be only ſo from the grief of my friends, and this wound is incurable, ſince it would be criminal to wiſh it cured.—How happy did my friends render me, when my wealth enabled me to watch their deſires in order to gratify them, and to penetrate into their troubles in order to remove them. Two years ago I filled a place in a brilliant circle, where every thing ſeemed to promiſe me a happy futurity; where I ſaw myſelf beloved; where I was able to chuſe or reject.—O my heart! why haſt thou ſo long armed thyſelf againſt the recollection of one thought?—I have not even dared to pronounce the name of SEYMOUR; now I aſk myſelf, what he would think of my preſent ſtate? and I weep at being forgotten! Oh that he was for ever baniſhed from my memory!—His heart never knew mine, and now it is too late! My paper, EMILIA—ah! my paper is almoſt filled;

filled. I dare not write much more; the winter is long, and I would employ what remains of it, in talking to you of my hopes, which are ſtill uncertain. O, my dear friend, how happy would ſome ſheets of paper make me, and yet I cannot procure them! I muſt ſpare ſome canvaſs, and write to you with my needle.

IN THE MONTH OF APRIL.

O Time, thou moſt beneficent of beings, for how many advantages am I obliged to thee! Thou, by degrees, haſt ſcattered the gloomy impreſſions of ſorrow which over-clouded my ſoul, and haſt inſenſibly placed the objects of grief in the obſcurity of a diſtant proſpect, while at the ſame time thou ſheddeſt a chearful ſerenity on all around me. Experience, whom thou leadeſt by the hand, has brought me to have recourſe to the exerciſe of wiſdom and patience, and every ſtep I advance in this tranquil path ſmooths the aſperity of my way. O

Time!

Time! my friends, I hope, will alſo feel thy ſalutary influence, that tranquillity may be reſtored to their hearts; that, encircled by the favours of Heaven, they may taſte the ſweets of life, without any remembrance of me intervening to imbitter them! Hail, love of my Creator, thou ſenſe of his goodneſs, what ſweet conſolations do ye afford! The ſame goodneſs, which ſhelters a weak worm under ſome grains of ſand, I experience amidſt theſe barren mountains, where I enjoy my returning reaſon, where the beams of knowledge again irradiate my faculties, and where I feel virtues awaking in me which ſlumbered in the boſom of eaſe and proſperity. Here, where the natural world ſeems to grudge its produce, and unwillingly to ſhare its gifts among its dejected inhabitants, I diſtribute in the cottage of my keepers, moral riches, virtue and knowledge, and with them feel all their value. Stripped of every thing that bears the name of fortune, ſplendor, power; delivered into the

hands

hands of these strangers, I become their benefactress, by exciting in them the love of God, by enlightening their minds, by interesting their hearts, from the pictures I give them, in our hours of recreation, of the other parts of the universe, and of the people who inhabit them. By my pains, my tenderness, and my instructions, I spread sweetness over the days of a young orphan, doubly unhappy. Thus deprived of what is called earthly happiness, I enjoy the noblest gifts of Heaven, serenity of soul, and the pleasure of doing good.—Sweet fruits of true Humanity, pure joy, solid advantages, ye will follow me into the celestial regions, and the happiness of having known you will be the first subject of my immortal songs.

AT THE END OF JUNE.

EMILIA, did you never put yourself in the situation of a man exposed in a light bark to the fury of a stormy sea? Trembling, he looks here and there to discover

discover some subject of hope; but long toss'd by the waves, he is seized with despair, when suddenly he perceives an island which he believes he can reach, and joining his hands, he cries, O my God, I see land!—I, my friend, I have felt what is here described, and *see land*. Lord HOPTON is returned into our mountains, and his sister, the Lady DOUGLAS, is pleased with the daughter of my keepers. MOLLY, accompanied by her brother, took some of her embroidery, and went to offer her service to that lady. She, surprized at MOLLY's answers and her work, immediately asked, who had taught her? on which the girl's grateful heart made her tell all she knew of me, and all that I had done for her; at which the lady was so moved that she melted into tears, promised to keep her from that time, ordered provisions to be set before the two young people, and let the brother return alone, giving him two guineas for his parents. She also promised to come and see us before her departure. I have desired her to

procure

procure me paper, pens and ink, for I would ſeize this opportunity of writing to Lady SUMMERSY; but I will ſend my letter open to Lady DOUGLAS, in order to convince her of my veracity. I ſhould be really guilty of a criminal negligence, was I not to employ every honeſt means of recovering my liberty. I deſign alſo to ſolicit the Lord HOPTON in favour of my keepers. Theſe honeſt people are unable to expreſs their joy at ſeeing their daughter ſo well provided for, and careſs and bleſs me by turns. My orphan will not ſtay here: accuſtomed to the kindneſs with which I treat her, my departure would render her worthy of pity, and her remembrance would imbitter all my moments, if, on finding myſelf again in a happy ſituation, I knew that ſhe was here a prey to want.

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O, my dear friend! the compariſon I made in my laſt leaf, of a bark driven in

a tempeſtuous ſea, was a preſage of what was to happen to me. I was deſtined to feel the keeneſt agonies of ſoul, and then to die in the moment of hope. The inconceivable wickedneſs of my perſecutor drags me to the grave, as the foaming waves draw to the bottom of the deep the fragil bark and the unhappy mariner. This power has been left him, and every means of ſuccour have been taken from me. Soon a ſolitary tomb will put an end to my complaints, and the ſecret reaſons of my ſuffering ſo many trials will be unveiled to my diſembodied ſoul.

I am calm, I am filled with ſatisfaction; my laſt day will be the happieſt of thoſe I have paſſed theſe two years. To you, tender EMILIA, whom I have loved to the end of my race, will be delivered, by Lady SUMMERS, all my writings; and the idea that my torments will be loſt in an eternity of happineſs, will afford conſolation to your ſenſible ſoul. As you were a witneſs of my happy life, if I have ſtrength enough, you ſhall alſo be informed

formed of the laſt ſcene of my misfortunes.

WHILE I was filled with hope, and elated with confidence, LOVEILL's infernal agent arrived here. The villain propoſed, on the part of his maſter, that I ſhould go and meet his lordſhip at London, becauſe, as he did not love his wife, and had for ſome time been ill, my company would be extremely agreeable to him at Windſor, where he prineipally reſided. He himſelf wrote to me, that if I would conſent with a good grace to come to him, and was diſpoſed to love him, he would think of diſſolving his marriage with Lady ALTON, and confirming ours, as my merit and the law required; but if, on the contrary, from the continuance of my former fantaſtical principles, I refuſed to conſent to his propoſals, it would be neceſſary for me to ſubmit to his orders with reſpect to my fate.—This was what I was obliged to hear, for I would not read the letter; but in the midſt of ſo many

many inſults, the moſt cruel circumſtance was my ſeeing before me the wretch who had performed our falſe marriage. Afflicted, and irritated in the higheſt degree, I rejected his offers with indignation, and the barbarian reſolved to revenge his maſter. After I had twice refuſed in the moſt expreſs terms, the wretch, in a violent rage, ſeized me by the arm, dragged me out of the houſe, drew me to the old tower, which is at a little diſtance, and puſhing open a door, threw me on the fallen ruins, crying, with a thundering voice, Periſh then, that my maſter and I may at laſt get rid of you!

My reſiſtance, my fright, the fear of being carried to London in ſpite of myſelf, had weakened me, and almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes. I fell proſtrate on the rubbiſh and mire with which this building is filled; my left-hand and half my face were ſo wounded by the ſtones, that much blood ſtreamed from my noſe and mouth. I fainted, and know not how long I continued in that ſtate. On

recovering

recovering my ſenſes, I found myſelf deprived of all ſtrength, and filled with pain; while the moiſt and unhealthy air I breathed ſo oppreſſed my breaſt, that I thought the laſt moment of my life was approaching. It was now dark, and I could ſee no object; but with one hand I felt that the earth deſcended with ſuch a declivity, that I apprehended if I made the leaſt motion I ſhould fall into a vault, where I could not think of dying without horror. Thus, languiſhing on the verge of the grave, I paſſed the whole night in theſe ruins. The clouds poured down rain; I was ſoaked, and ſtiffened with cold.—But what I then felt is impoſſible to be deſcribed: oppreſſed by the weight of my misfortunes, I only wiſhed for death, which appeared to approach too ſlowly. I then ſeemed to be inwardly convulſed, and my ſenſes failed me.

This is all that I can recollect. On recovering the uſe of my ſenſes, I found myſelf in my bed, around which were my poor and timid keepers, who gave vent to

their

their ſighs, and LYDIA ſobbing bedewed my hand with her tears. I felt that I was extremely ill, and lifting up my hands towards Heaven, I deſired theſe people to fetch Lord HOPTON's chaplain, to aſſiſt me in my laſt moments. My landlord's ſon ſet out, and his parents told me, that they had not dared to come to my aſſiſtance before the departure of Sir JOHN (for ſo they called him).—How deplorable an effect of poverty, which ſeldom allows thoſe who are depreſſed by it to oppoſe the deſigns of the vicious rich! The villain had been ſtopped by the rain; yet they ſaid, that before he ſet out on his return, he went to the tower, where having liſtened for ſome time, he ſhook his head with an air of concern, and at laſt went away without ſhutting the door, or ſaying a word more to them. The fear with which he had inſpired them, had held them in ſuſpence during an hour after he was gone, before they ventured to go with lights in ſearch of me: they then removed me, and thought I was dead.

The

The chaplain arrived, and Lady DOUGLAS came with him; both of them attentively examined me with eyes of pity. I held out my hand to the counteſs, who kindly gave me her's. Noble lady, ſaid I, God will reward your humanity. I obſerved that ſhe fixed her eyes on my bracelets.—It is the picture of my mother, ſaid I: ſhe was the grand-daughter of Sir DAVID WATSON—and here, lifting up my other hand, here is my father, a worthy gentleman of Germany. For a long time they have both reached the realms of glory, and ſoon, ſoon, I hope, I ſhall be re-united to them. Her ladyſhip wept, and bid the clergyman feel my pulſe: he did ſo, and aſſured her that I was very ill. The counteſs, looking about her with a tender inquietude, aſked, If I could not be removed? Not without the danger of her life, returned the chaplain. I am very ſorry, ſaid the amiable lady, ſqueezing my hand, and retired, to leave the miniſter at liberty to talk with me. I told him, in a few words, that I

came of a noble family: that, abuſed by a falſe marriage, I found myſelf exiled from my native country, and that Lady SUMMERS, who had honoured me with her protection, would give him an account of my conduct while I was with her. I alſo delivered to him the papers I had written to you, adding, without his aſking it, an account of my principles. I then ſollicited him to enter into a correſpondence with your worthy huſband. Her ladyſhip now knocked at the door, and entered with MOLLY, the daughter of my keeper, who brought a box filled with medicines and cordials, and they made me take ſomething. Little LYDIA came alſo, and threw herſelf on her knees by the bed-ſide. The tender Lady DOUGLAS caſt an eye of compaſſion on the child and me: at laſt ſhe bid me adieu, left MOLLY to attend me, and the clergyman promiſed to ſee me again the next morning. Yet he did not appear the whole day; but there twice came a perſon to enquire after my health. This morning, finding myſelf

ſelf better than I was yeſterday, I began to write, and have continued it by intervals. At preſent it is ſix in the evening, and I viſibly grow worſe; of this my uneven writing and trembling pen will convince you. Who knows whether this night will not be the laſt of my life? I bleſs God that I am mortal; I alſo offer up my thanks to him, that my heart can ſtill ſpeak to your's. I am entirely reſigned, and touch upon the moment in which worldly happineſs and misfortunes are equally indifferent.

AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

For the laſt time, my EMILIA, I have extended my weak arms towards the country you inhabit. May God bleſs my friend! may he reward her virtues and the friendſhip ſhe had for me!—You will receive a paper, which your huſband himſelf will deliver to Count R. my uncle. It includes the diſpoſal of my fortune, an

exact account of which is in the hands of your brother-in-law.

All that I have inherited from the family of P. . ought to return to the children of the Countess of LOBAU. What I have received from my beloved father, must be divided into two equal parts, one of which shall be employed in the education of poor children. Out of what remains shall be deducted a thousand crowns for my present keeper and his family, and as much for the unhappy LYDIA. The remainder I leave to your children and to my friend ROSINA: but at the foot of my parents tomb I would have a stone erected, with this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF THEIR DAUGHTER

SOPHIA DE STERNHEIM,

WHO WAS NOT UNWORTHY OF THEM.

I would be buried here, under that tree at the foot of which I have ſo often, during the laſt ſpring, thrown myſelf on my knees, to beg of God to give me patience. Here, where my mind has been tormented, my body ought to be diſſolved. It is alſo a maternal earth that ſhall cover me, till the moment when, in a glorious form, I ſhall riſe, and be united to the ſacred aſſembly of the virtuous, and ſhall there ſee again my EMILIA. In the meanwhile, my friend, ſave my memory from the aſſaults of calumny, from the ſhame which follows the appearance of vice: ſay, that though unhappy, I have faithfully preſerved my virtue; that, plunged in the deepeſt abyſs of grief, I, with filial confidence, and full of love for my fellow-creatures, commit my ſoul into the hands of my Creator: ſay, that with my dying breath I tenderly bleſſed my friends, and that I ſincerely forgave thoſe who had injured me. Plant, O my dear EMILIA! plant a cypreſs in your garden, and let it be entwined by a ſolitary roſe-tree. Con-

ſecrate that ſpot to my remembrance. Go thither ſometimes: perhaps I may be permitted to hover about you, to perceive the tears you will ſhed on ſeeing the young buſh deſpoiled of its roſes. Me you have alſo ſeen flower and fade; only the laſt breath of my life will be exhaled far from you.—This, my EMILIA, is a happineſs: you would ſuffer too much on ſeeing me now—Adieu, O the moſt tender of friends!—May the tears you ſhall ſhed for me be peaceful tears, like thoſe which from theſe dim eyes now flow for you!

LETTER XLVI.

Lord SEYMOUR *to Dr.* BURTON.

GOOD God! muſt an indiſpoſition then prevent your coming to ſee me only for two days! This almoſt overſets my reaſon and renders me frantic. My brother RICH, whom you knew in the houſe of my mother's firſt huſband, notwithſtanding all his ſtoiciſm, is ſtruck with the ſame blow. Within two days we ſhall ſet out for the Highlands of Scotland, and that — oh heart-breaking thought! to ſearch for the grave of the murdered SOPHIA STERNHEIM, and to remove her body to Dumfries, where it is to be interred with great pomp. O eternal Providence! how haſt thou permitted the moſt lovely gift ever beſtowed on this earth, to become the prey of the moſt odious villain! My ſervants are preparing

for my departure: I can do nothing. I wring my hands, and abandoned to my grief, have a hundred times ſtruck my forehead and my breaſt. LOVEILL, that abandoned monſter, has the impudence to ſay, that it is on my account, and from his jealouſy, that he has deceived, tormented, and barbarouſly murdered the moſt noble, the moſt amiable of women. He now weeps for it—the monſter weeps! The exceſs of his grief has brought him to the brink of the grave. He trembles at the approach of death, and his ſituation ſhelters him from my juſt revenge.

Hear, my friend, hear the ſevereſt ſufferings virtue has ever felt; the moſt dreadful crimes a wicked man has ever committed.—You know that four months ago I returned ſick to England with my Lord G. and that I repaired immediately to my mother at Summer-hall, in hopes that I ſhould there recover my health. I enquired after LOVEILL, now Lord N. I was told that he was ill at his country-houſe at Windſor, and on that account I thought

thought proper to delay the execution of my deſign till his and my recovery. Soon after I received this information, he ſent to me, deſiring to ſee me; but as I was not well, I refuſed to go.

Some days after I went to ſee Lord RICH, who received me with tenderneſs, though his mind was not leſs clouded than my own. The difference of fifteen years between our ages putting an obſtacle to our brotherly confidence, his mournful ſilence did not encourage me to pour my troubles into his boſom. During a fortnight we only talked of our travels, and that by fits and ſtarts; till, on the arrival of a meſſenger from Lord N. we inſtantly opened our hearts to each other. This meſſenger brought me a letter, in which his maſter earneſtly entreated me to come to him, with Lord RICH, on an affair relating to the Lady SOPHIA STERNHEIM; adding, that I might tell my brother, that was the name of the lady whom he had known at Summer-hall, and who had been taken from thence. I ſtarted as

ſrom a frightful dream. I cry'd aloud to the ſervant, that I would come, and haſtily advancing towards my brother, aſked him what he knew of the young lady whom he ſaw at Summer-hall?— He, in his turn, aſked me, with an eager emotion, if I knew her, and what I could have heard concerning her? I ſhewed him the letter, and gave him a conciſe account of every thing relating to my dearly beloved SOPHIA. He, in as few words, and with as much diſorder, informed me how he had ſeen her, and how much he loved her; extolled the nobleneſs of her ſentiments; ſpoke of the ſecret melancholy which hung upon her mind, eſpecially after ſhe had heard the news of LOVEILL's marriage with Lady ALTON; and, in fine, ſhewed me her picture.

We now both haſted to be gone, and ſoon reached Windſor; RICH, thoughtful but calm; I, full of inquietude and projects. A violent ſhuddering and a flaming indignation ſeized me on entering LOVEILL's houſe. My hatred for him was riſen to

ſuch

ſuch a height, that I paid no attention to the ill ſtate of his health, and the weakneſs which obliged him to keep his bed. Gloomy and ſilent, I darted at him looks of declared emnity. He opened his heavy eyes, and giving me a ſupplicating look, held out to me his burning and ſhrivelled hand, crying, SEYMOUR, I know you—I know that you hate me——but you don't know that the violent conflicts which paſs in my heart are cauſed by you. I anſwered, puſhing away his hand, I know no other reaſon but the difference of our principles. SEYMOUR, replied LOVEILL, you would not behave thus were I in health. The pride with which you boaſt of your principles is no leſs culpable than the abuſe I have made of my talents.

My brother interrupted him, ſaying, that this was not the buſineſs which brought us thither; but to obtain ſome tydings of the lady who had been carried away.

Yes, my lord, ſaid he, you ſhall hear all; there is more humanity in your

cool blood, than in SEYMOUR's impetuous ſenſibility. He may have told you what paſſed at D. at the time when we became acquainted with the Lady SOPHIA. We both loved her to diſtraction; but I firſt perceived her regard for him, and left no ſtone unturned in order to make her ſtifle it. By my diſguiſes and my artifices I availed myſelf of the Prince's aſſiduities and of SEYMOUR's weak indeciſion, and by means of a pretended marriage, prevailed on the lady to throw herſelf for protection into my arms. Yet my pleaſures were of ſhort duration: the ſentimental gravity of her diſpoſition agreed but little with the levity of mine, and her ſecret paſſion for SEYMOUR ſeemed to diſcover itſelf, whenever my thoughts claſhed with her's. Jealouſy prompted me to ſeek revenge; while the death of my brother, by increaſing my fortune, ſeemed to ſecond my ſcheme, and I abandoned SOPHIA. Yet a few days after I repented of this, and ſent to the village where I imagined ſhe ſtill continued; but I found ſhe was gone.

gone. For a long time I was ignorant of her retreat, and of her fate; till at length I was informed of her being with my wife's aunt. As she could not be left there without danger to myself, I determined to have her carried off. From that time I sigh'd at my own severity; but it was the only part I had to take.—Displeased with Lady ALTON, my heart became again fixed on my SOPHIA: She is mine, said I to myself, and to escape the miserable life she leads, in the barren mountain where she is placed, she will doubtless consent to return to my arms. In this opinion I was flattered, by my hearing of the kindness she shewed to a daughter I had by NANCY HATTON; for I attributed her goodness to the child, to a kind of inclination for the father. Filled with a thousand agreeable projects, I sent away my confidant; but SOPHIA rejected my offers with indignation and contempt.——

Here LOVEILL's sighs and violent emotions interrupted his discourse. He cast

his

his eyes ſometimes on me, ſometimes on Lord RICH, till carried away by my rage and impatience, I, ſtamping, cried aloud, Finiſh your ſtory!—SEYMOUR, RICH, ſaid he, with a melancholy and trembling voice, Oh, unhappy that I am, that I did not go myſelf, to implore her forgiveneſs on my knees! JOHN, that monſter, would force her to follow him—He was well convinced how dear her preſence would be to me—he ſhut her up in the ruins of an old building—ſhe remained there twelve hours, extended on the ground, and—there—Oh! how ſhall I ſpeak it?—there died of grief.

Dy'd there! cry'd I—and thou, monſter! devil! art yet alive!—After this murder thou ſtill liv'ſt!

Lord RICH ſays, that I had the air and voice of one deprived of his reaſon, and inſtantly taking me in his arms, he drew me out of the chamber. Long did he ſtrive in vain to calm my rage, before he could prevail on me to promiſe to hear the wretch with ſilence. LOVELL, ſaid

he,

he, is a prey to the moſt bitter remorſe—to the dreadful anguiſh of reflecting on a life ſtained by irreparable crimes. Would you lift your hand againſt an object of the Divine juſtice? O brother! believe that our pain is ſweet, when compared with what he feels.—The misfortunes of SOPHIA, cauſed by his crimes, wound his awakened conſcience, and plant daggers in his heart. Nature and Virtue combine to revenge her ſufferings; but leave me, I entreat you, to aſk him, what he would have of us. Endeavour to conquer yourſelf! Be generous, SEYMOUR, and let the guilty LOVEILL, while he is unhappy, be the object of thy compaſſion!—I promiſed every thing, but reſolved to be preſent at their diſcourſe.

The miſerable wretch wept on our returning into the room: he entreated us to go into Scotland, to cauſe the body of that angel to be dug up, and removed to Dumfries in a brazen coffin. He has alſo appropriated two thouſand guineas for the erection of a monument that ſhould

ſhould expreſs the virtues and misfortunes of SOPHIA, as well as the repentance of him who had injured her. He made us promiſe to ſend an account of the whole to the court of D. and delivered to us letters relating to SOPHIA, written by himſelf to his friend Lord B. In ſhort, he made us promiſe to haſten our departure, that, before he died, he might have the conſolation of knowing, that public honours were paid to the remains of the moſt noble of women.—Lord RICH, in a few words, made him a pathetic exhortation, and I was brought to moderate my grief and reſtrain my reſentment. To-morrow we ſet out for Dumfries.—What a journey! what a dreadful journey!

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LETTER XLVII.

Lord RICH, *in the Highlands of Scotland, to Dr.* BURTON.

Dear Doctor,

I Believe you ſcarce remember me; but our ſouls nearly reſemble each other, and SEYMOUR is my brother. It is of him, and the object of his grief, that I am now going to write. We have been here ever ſince yeſterday evening. Never was there a more melancholy journey, and our anguiſh encreaſed as we drew near to its end. I queſtion whether there be, on the whole ſurface of the earth, a ſpot more wild and frightful than that which encompaſſes this wretched cottage, deſtined for the melancholy priſon of the lovely SOPHIA; and every thing has concurred

curred to promote the barbarous deſign of tormenting the moſt ſenſible of human ſouls. When I call to mind the noble emotions of her heart, and her filial gratitude to the Creator on viewing the beauties of nature, I feel how deeply ſhe muſt have been affected with the ſight of this diſmal uncultivated waſte—with this mud-wall cottage, her unworthy abode for ſo long a time—and that ſtraw bed, on which it ſeems this inimitable woman drew her laſt breath, and ended her exemplary life. O doctor! were theſe objects before you, your eyes would become, like ours, fountains of tears, eſpecially if you had ſeen, at the foot of a lonely tree, the hillock of ſand which covers the inanimate remains of the lovelieſt of women.—Poor Lord SEYMOUR ſunk upon it, and wiſhed there to breathe out his ſoul with his tears, that he might, at leaſt, have the ſame grave with his beloved SOPHIA. I was obliged to call for the aſſiſtance of our men to drag him from thence. When in the

houſe,

houſe, he was for throwing himſelf on the bed where ſhe died; but I cauſed him to be removed, and led into the room where theſe people told me ſhe uſed moſt frequently to ſit. There he ſat immoveable, leaning on his elbow, for two hours, without ſeeing or hearing any thing that paſſed. The miner and his family do not ſeem to me to be the moſt honeſt people: I am afraid they had a hand in her impriſonment: their looks ſhew that they are full of fear, and ſeveral times they have left the cottage to converſe together in private: their anſwers to my queſtions are ſhort and confuſed, and their uneaſineſs viſibly appeared, when I told them, that to-morrow morning the lady's corpſe is to be taken out of the grave. I myſelf tremble at this, and am filled with the apprehenſion of finding, upon that dear form, the marks of a violent death. O heavens! ſhould that be the caſe, what will become of my brother? I take no notice of myſelf; I endeavour to conceal

the

the exceſs of my grief, that I may not increaſe his: but certainly never did the dread of a tempeſt, from the fear of being buried in the waves, nor the torment of a burning thirſt in the ſcorching ſands of Africa, give me ſuch pain as the idea of the ſufferings of this viſible angel.

My brother, exhauſted by the agitations he has ſuffered, has fallen aſleep, with only our men's cloaths ſpread on the floor for his bed: his blood is ſtill in a ferment, and he ſighs and groans; yet the ſurgeon we brought with us does not apprehend his life to be in danger. It is impoſſible for me to obtain reſt; for the thoughts of to-morrow keep me perpetually on the rack, and I endeavour to collect all my ſpirits, that they may enable me to ſupport SEYMOUR; and yet I am but a feeble reed, and tremble leſt I ſhould ſink with him, at the view of thoſe lovely features diſfigured by death. 'Tis true, I did not love her, like SEYMOUR, with the violent ardour of a juvenile paſſion:

my

my affection rather aroſe from the ſympathy which a man of probity feels for every one that bears the marks of rectitude, wiſdom and humanity. Never did I ſee a perſon in whom were united ſuch moral ideas and affections; nobody ever placed more dignity in great things, nor treated thoſe that are ſmall with a more amiable ſweetneſs. Her converſation would have conſtituted the happineſs of an entire ſociety of men of learning and virtue.—Yet it is here, it is amidſt theſe rocks, and among men as inſenſible as they, and in the midſt of the moſt cruel torments, that ſhe has reſigned up her lovely ſoul. O Providence! thou ſeeſt the queſtions which agitate my mind; but to thee alſo is known the reverence for thy incomprehenſible decrees, which reſtrains me from uttering them.

* * * * *

Dear doctor, thou friend of humanity, ſhare with us in our joy!—The angel

SOPHIA

SOPHIA ſtill lives! the protection of Heaven has preſerved her! SEYMOUR ſheds tears of joy, and repeatedly embraces the poor inhabitants of this cottage, whom we now no longer ſuſpect, and whom we now eſteem with all the ardour of friendſhip. It is not above an hour ago, when pale, trembling, and in a mournful ſilence, we walked towards the garden, where yeſterday they told us was her grave. The miner and his ſon followed us with an irreſolute air, and a viſible reluctance. When we were come to the heap of ſand, I ordered our men to remove it. My brother threw his arms about my neck, hiding his face; and this motion from SEYMOUR, at the very inſtant of my ſeeing the ſpade throw up the earth, pierced my very ſoul. I lift up my eyes towards Heaven, and prayed that our hearts might be ſtrengthened; when ſuddenly the huſband, the wife, and their ſon, fell on their knees before us, and with loud cries begged that we would

grant

grant them our protection. Seized with an extraordinary fear, I expected nothing leſs than the diſcovery of an aſſaſſination.

What do you mean? cried I.—Speak!—Why do you aſk our protection?

We have deceived Lord N. ſaid they. The lady is not dead: ſhe is gone——

Where is ſhe, my friends—where is ſhe?—Don't deceive us!

No, my good lord. She is with Lord HOPTON's ſiſter. My lady would take her with her, and bid us tell my Lord N. that the young gentlewoman was dead; and we loved her ſo well that we let her go: but if my lord ſhould come to know it, he will be revenged on us.

SEYMOUR, over-powered with joy, was at firſt ready to ſink; but recovering himſelf, he caſt forth a ſhout, embraced the poor man, and cried, O my friend, you ſhall come with me! I will protect you, I will reward you! Where is Lord HOPTON! How was all this brought about? My dear brother RICH, we muſt inſtantly

be

be gone.—I, being no leſs impatient than he to ſee again my dear SOPHIA, ſaid, Give orders to prepare for our departure, while I talk to theſe people. I ſoon calmed their fears, by telling them that Lord N. was exaſperated at the violence his ſervant had committed, and would be charmed at hearing of their affection for the lady, and reward their kindneſs to her. I joined to this diſcourſe a handfull of guineas, and aſked them many queſtions on the manner in which SOPHIA lived with them.

O doctor, how did the ſimple and conciſe account given by theſe people ſhed a luſtre over my incomparable friend! Yeſterday I murmured at her unhappy fate, and to-day I am ready to thank Providence for the example ſhe has ſet to the reſt of mankind, in her trials, wherein her heroic ſoul obtained the victory. Ah! all the virtues of SOPHIA are engraven on my heart in indelible characters.—We are going to ſet out. At the foot of the

mountain

mountain I ſhall ſend one of our men to LOVEILL, to carry to him the joyful news: it will come at a time in which we always regret our having neglected the good we might have done, or deplore our having committed the crime we might have avoided; and what comfort will he experience, if he be ſtill alive, on ſeeing the ſum of the evils he has cauſed, ſo much diminiſhed! I take advantage of this opportunity to inform you of this happy news, which has changed our diſtreſs and anguiſh into tranſports of joy.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mrs. SUFFERING *to* EMILIA.

Tweedale.

I Write on my knees, to expreſs my humble gratitude to God for the ſweet ſenſations that overflow my heart. I yet enjoy life, and with it liberty and friendſhip! O my dear, my tender EMILIA! through what troubles, what anguiſh, am I arrived at this happy period, in which I can at laſt calm your alarms, and thoſe of my dear Lady SUMMERS. To-morrow the Counteſs of DOUGLAS will ſend a courier to her ladyſhip, who is to continue his journey to Harwich, and is to carry a packet to your huſband, that your uneaſineſs may not be prolonged for a moment. The extract of my journal, which I was obliged to write with a pencil, will ſhew you

you how much I have ſuffered. How thorny was the path through which I have walked; but how agreeable is this opening, to which the hand of the Source of all goodneſs has graciouſly conducted me! Is it not a ſign, EMILIA, that during the days of my trial I have not rendered myſelf unworthy of the care of Providence, as one of the moſt noble ſouls has been ſent to my ſuccour?

On my concluding my laſt ſheet, I thought I had reached the period of my life, and that I ſhould no more ſee the light of the ſun: I alſo perſuaded myſelf that I was abandoned by the Counteſs of DOUGLAS; but at about eleven o'clock came the chaplain, accompanied by a ſurgeon. The next morning was brought a litter, and the lady herſelf came and offered me, in the moſt obliging manner, her houſe, her good offices, and her friendſhip. The exceſs of my joy was near proving fatal to me; while I preſs'd her ladyſhip's hand to my breaſt, I fainted

away. When I came to myſelf, they all exhorted me to be ſtill and compoſed. Soon after my dear deliverer told me, that ſhe had prevailed on my keepers to dig a pit in the garden, in the manner of a grave, and to ſend word to Lord N. that I was dead. Theſe people agreed to every thing, and her ladyſhip reſolved that I ſhould be carried to Lord HOPTON's. After dinner I found myſelf ſtrong enough to leave my bed, and MOLLY dreſſed me in her ladyſhip's preſence. Having five guineas about me, I gave it to my keepers; and at the moment when I was going to ſpeak to my lady in behalf of my little orphan, LYDIA came into the chamber, and falling on her knees, with many ſobs and groans, begged me to take her with me, at the ſame time lifting up her hands to me in agony. Deeply moved, I caſt my moiſtened eyes on her, and on the counteſs. The latter, after a moment's reflection, held out her hand to the child, and in a tender voice ſaid, Yes, my little

dear, you ſhall go with us: God bleſs you, my worthy lady, cry'd I, for your goodneſs! I was going to aſk your permiſſion to ſave this innocent victim. I grant it freely, very freely, replied ſhe; I am affected by your tender ſolicitude for this innocent child. I thanked her with an effuſion of joy, and affectionately embraced my poor keepers, whoſe faces were bathed in tears; then took a laſt view of this deſolate ſpot, and being laid on the litter provided for me, ſet out with the counteſs.

My Lord HOPTON received me with civility; but caſting his eyes on me, he ſeemed to examine whether I was moſt worthy of the addreſſes of a lover, or the compaſſion due to a woman of virtue. A glance of his eyes towards me, after he had viewed little LYDIA, made me bluſh: he perceived it, and ſmiled. I apprehended that he took me to be that child's mother, and perceived how much that opinion muſt diminiſh the favourable ſen-

timents he ſeemed to have entertained of me. Lady DOUGLAS conducted me into a handſome chamber, and deſired me to take ſome reſt. MOLLY being preſent, aſked where little LYDIA ſhould be. Here, anſwered the counteſs; for doubtleſs you, madam, prefer having her near you; and it gives me great pleaſure, that, in the midſt of your calamities, you have ſo faithfully adhered to the dictates of nature. Dear lady, ſaid I, interrupting her, you— Don't make yourſelf uneaſy, my dear, ſaid ſhe briſkly, but with much ſweetneſs. Lie down. I will return ſoon; but I'll not have you mention a word of any diſagreeable circumſtance that is paſt.

She was going away while ſhe ſpoke thus; and I threw myſelf on the bed, with the melancholy reflection that I was to purchaſe the firſt hours of the liberty I enjoyed, by the mortification of being expoſed to injurious ſuſpicions. Unwilling that Lady DOUGLAS ſhould have time to feed them, I deſired MOLLY to

bring

bring me pen, ink and paper, and the next morning I wrote to clear up to the countess every thing relating to little LYDIA, and to inform her of the motives which had induced me to take that child under my care. I entreated her also to furnish me with an opportunity of sending the Lady SUMMERS news in relation to myself, she having not heard from me, as the arrival of the cruel wretch sent by LOVELL had prevented my finishing the letter I had begun to write to her; and I added, that the testimony of that lady would confirm the truth of all I advanced with respect to myself, and also convince my deliverer that she would have no reason to regret the favours she had bestowed on me.

She had no sooner read over the letter than she came to me, and, after begging I would excuse her mistake, endeavoured to apologize for it. How, said she, could it be thought that a stranger had such tenderness and concern for the child of her

enemy? I have praiſed that affection which I ſuppoſed to be maternal; but how do you encreaſe my friendſhip and admiration, by this generous love for the iſſue of your odious perſecutor!—For two hours together ſhe talked to me on various ſubjects, and the turn of her converſation confirmed me in my opinion of the tenderneſs and delicacy of her ſoul. This dear lady diſtinguiſhes herſelf by a quality ſeldom found among the great: ſhe intereſts herſelf in the diſtreſſes of the ſoul, and, with a goodneſs equally noble and judicious, offers to the unhappy conſolation and relief. I have often obſerved, while I lived among the illuſtrious favourites of fortune, that their pity was excited by certain diſgraces, certain exterior evils, as ſickneſs and poverty; but I have ſeldom found them feel for the pain of the mind, even though they themſelves are the authors of it. Seldom have I found them obtain the habit of valuing objects according to their real worth. They

dazzle

dazzle others by their apparent luſtre, and are dazzled in their turn. Wit aſſumes the place of judgment; the endearing name of friendſhip is proſtituted on frigid compliments, and pomp and parade are accounted happineſs.—O, my dear EMILIA, ſhould I ever again obtain a place in that brilliant circle, I will avoid with extreme care whatever would have been diſagreeable to me in my ſtate of humiliation. The counteſs herſelf will take care of little LYDIA. You have done enough for that child, ſaid ſhe, and for the future no room muſt be given to attribute to the conſequence of weakneſs, what muſt have ariſen from the higheſt virtue. beſides, it is particularly neceſſary that LOVELL ſhould not have the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon to imagine, that your compaſſion for the orphan ariſes from your inclination for the father. I was ſenſibly affected with the delicacy of this proceeding, and heartily thanked her ladyſhip for not only ſheltering me from the

falſe judgment of others, but alſo for ſaving me from the praiſes which might, perhaps, have been given me for what ſhe called my generoſity. I prevailed on the counteſs to read my letters to Lady SUMMERS, though ſhe at firſt refuſed it, in order to ſhew her confidence in me. As to my journal, it being written in German, it would have required ſome time to make an entire tranſlation of it, and being impatient to convey it to you, I have only tranſlated for her what appeared to me moſt eſſential, ſliding lightly over ſuch paſſages as I apprehended might draw praiſes on me; becauſe I cannot help thinking that the pleaſure of hearing myſelf praiſed, diminiſhes, in ſome meaſure, my inward ſatisfaction. I long to hear from Lady SUMMERS, that I may go to her, and then ſet out to throw myſelf into the arms of my EMILIA. My enthuſiaſtic fondneſs for England is extinguiſhed: this is not, as I imagined, the country of my ſoul—I wiſh to retire to

my

my own eſtate, to live there, and only employ myſelf in doing good. Neither my mind nor my heart are now proper for ſociety, and I can only be of ſervice to ſome of the unhappy, by teaching them how to ſupport misfortunes. Indeed, one of the firſt wiſhes I have formed, ſince a more ſmiling proſpect has opened before me, is, that in cultivating a young heart, I ſhall never forget to ſow the principles of my education: happy ſeeds, whoſe fruits have ripened, and have been of ſuch value to me in my ſevereſt ſufferings; which have ſilenced my murmurs, and have given me the ſtrength to exerciſe thoſe virtues which ſtill remain for the unfortunate!

Yeſterday we arrived at Tweedale. I cannot expreſs the delightful ſenſations which the beauties of nature make me again experience: they are grand and varied, according to the different points of view from this manſion; where, from a ſteep mountain, we ſee the ſmiling

banks of the Tweed, which form a range of gently rising hills covered with numerous flocks. The blessing of sight seems in me to have acquired fresh force, while in the midst of the lead mines it appeared to be dimmed. May I not flatter myself that the powers of my soul will also revive with the sensation of the beneficent wonders of the creation, and the sweet hope of grasping in my arms the friend of my heart?

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

Lord RICH *to Dr.* BURTON.

Tweedale.

IF it be juſt that the ſtronger ſhould not only bear his own burthen, but alſo aid the weak to ſupport his, I have to-day fulfilled that duty. I ſigh under the preſſure of ſenſations which accumulate in my heart, and prevent SEYMOUR's ſinking under his paſſion. The letters I ſhall write to you, dear doctor, will ſupport my firmneſs. My brother is at this inſtant actually at the feet of the object of all my wiſhes; while I am at a diſtance, though SOPHIA's eyes ſeemed to bid me ſtay with her: but SEYMOUR held her hand, his heart felt the ſweet preſſure, which ſhe returned, perhaps, without knowing it. I likewiſe felt the ſame preſſure, and retired to hide my emotions.

We arrived here two days ago. Six horſes entering the court-yard all at once on full ſpeed, ſurprized the ſervants, who ran up to us. My brother, throwing himſelf from his horſe, called out, the Counteſs of DOUGLAS, and the lady found among the mines, are they here? On their anſwering, They are, Come, come along, ſaid he, ſeizing my arm:—Whoſe name muſt I carry in? aſked a ſervant. Lord RICH, Lord SEYMOUR, ſaid my brother haſtily, running after the valet. Scarce had he time to knock at the door, before we were in the room.

The counteſs ſat facing the door; but Lady SOPHIA, who was reading to her, had her back towards us. SEYMOUR's abruptneſs, the noiſe of the domeſtics, and their repeated queſtions, filled the counteſs with ſurprize, and obliged my charming friend to turn her head. Heavens! cry'd ſhe, with the moſt lively emotion, dropping her book on the floor. SEYMOUR, ſaying, Excellent people! ſhe is ſtill alive!—ſhe is ſtill alive! was inſtantly

at

at her feet, and extending his arms, said, O my divine, my adorable SOPHIA!— The dear lady, half beside herself, cast her eyes alternately on SEYMOUR and me; but an instant after turning aside her head, let it sink on her trembling arm, which was placed on the table.

The Countess of DOUGLAS looked around her with astonishment, and I found myself obliged to speak; but my first care was excited by SOPHIA. Worthy lady, said I, support the angel whom you have near you! I am Lord RICH, this is Lord SEYMOUR. The countess hastily stepped up to my lovely friend, who perceiving her, threw her arms about her, and during some minutes hid her lovely face in her deliverer's bosom. SEYMOUR, impatient at her hiding her face from him, cried, in a mournful voice, O uncle, why did you force me to conceal my passion from her! Now all the torments, all the tenderness of my heart, will not be able to move her.—O SOPHIA! SOPHIA! what will become of me, if, amidst the

joy

joy of finding you again, I meet with your hatred? Grant me, grant me one kind look!—With an enchanting air, and that true dignity which accompanies virtue, SOPHIA lift up her head, and blushing, held out her hand to my brother, saying, in a low voice, Rise, Lord SEYMOUR! I assure you, I have not the least hatred against you; and sighing, added, How had I ever a right to hate you?—He kissed her hand in a transport of joy. I cast down my eyes; but she rose, and drew near to me with an air of gratitude, and taking me by the hand, said, My worthy lord, this is friendship indeed! Pray, how did you find me? Did Lady SUMMERS tell you where I was? How does my ever honoured mother?—I kissed the hand she had given me, and answered, Lady SUMMERS is well, and will be happy when she sees again her dearly beloved daughter; but it is not she, it is justice and repentance that have brought my brother and me here.—Is Lord SEYMOUR then your brother?

ther? ſaid ſhe, with a ſtill deeper bluſh.—Yes, we are ſons of the ſame mother, one of the moſt excellent women that ever lived. A ſmile full of expreſſion was her anſwer; then turning to the counteſs, My dear deliverer, ſaid ſhe, ſee here two irreproachable witneſſes to the truth of all I have related of my birth and my life; and I bleſs God for my being come at the happy time, when your heart may ſay, My goodneſs to her has not been loſt.—No, interrupted SEYMOUR; none ever merited the homage of the whole earth ſo much as this adorable woman. What gratitude do I owe you, for having generouſly delivered her! With eyes filled with tears, he then preſs'd the counteſs's hand to his boſom.

I endeavoured to recover myſelf, that I might be able to mention the cauſe of our journey. During ſome minutes we were all ſilent, till, taking Lady SOPHIA's hand, I ſaid, Can you hear your perſecutor mentioned, without injuring your health or your repoſe? He draws near

to

to the close of life, and his greatest anguish arises from the remembrance of your virtues, and the cruelty with which he has treated you. Reduced to despair at the news of your death, he sent for us, and made us both promise to repair immediately to the desolate spot where he had placed you; to cause your body to be disinterred, and then removed to Dumfries, where it was to receive such funeral honours as should at the same time eternise your virtues and his remorse.—I shall not mention how painful such an office was to us. After having sought for you in vain, to find you dead, my poor brother and (I cannot help adding) your poor friend RICH!——Lord LOVELL, said she, while a tear rolled down her cheek—Lord LOVELL has been barbarous, very barbarous to me. May God forgive him! As for me, I have forgiven him from the bottom of my heart—but—to see him would be impossible—the sight of him would give me immediate death. On pro-

pronouncing these last words, she hung down her head, and lowered her voice.

SEYMOUR felt the affecting disorder of her pure soul, and walking up to a window, endeavoured to compose himself. Lady SOPHIA then left the room. We followed her with our admiring eyes. Though she was only dress'd in a Scotch linen, she appeared enchanting, from the beautiful proportion of her stature, and the nobleness of her behaviour and walk: and though she was still pale and meagre, the beauty and dignity of her soul appeared, as usual, on all her features. We gave the countess an account of every thing relating to Lady SOPHIA, and she, in her turn, communicated all she knew since MOLLY, the miner's daughter, entered into her service. I at first thought, said the countess, that this young stranger had been extremely well educated, but that an unhappy moment had turned her out of the track appointed for her. She inspired me with a tender pity, particularly by the care she took of a child,

which,

which I thought was her own; from that time I reſolved to bring her hither, when my brother and I ſhould leave the Highlands: but the ill treatment ſhe ſuffered, which was near depriving her of her life, made me haſten the execution of this deſign. How do I at preſent rejoice, that I have followed the emotions of my heart!

The counteſs now left us to go in ſearch of SOPHIA, and we were left alone. I was buried in thought. SEYMOUR, with his eyes ſwimming in tears, coming up, embraced me, crying RICH!—my dear brother! I am unhappy in the midſt of happineſs, and feel that I ſhall always be ſo. I ſee all your love, and all your merit. She is diſpleaſed with me; ſhe has cauſe to be ſo—infinite cauſe. It is juſt that ſhe ſhould ſhew more confidence, more friendſhip for you, than for me. I am ſenſible of it; but it is with the extremeſt grief. My health has already ſuffered greatly by this paſſion: to-day I have ſeen her again; I am ſatisfy'd, and willing

willing to die for her.—I here preſſed him to my boſom with an emotion that had ſomething ſtrange in it, and I believe I anſwered him with ſome coldneſs, Yes, SEYMOUR, you are unhappy in the midſt of happineſs; yet there is one who has more reaſon to complain.—Why muſt your rivals be always more clear-ſighted than you? LOVEILL is in the right; you are the perſon ſhe prefers. Her reſerve is a proof of every thing he ſaid to us. Be worthy of her, and don't envy me her friendſhip and confidence.—O RICH, O my brother, ſaid he, is it, can it be poſſible? Does not your paſſion blind you, as much as mine does me?—Oh! I muſt either obtain her, or die!—But who will ſpeak in my favour? I dare not utter a word, and you——I will ſpeak for you, ſaid I, but it ſhall not be to-day; her ſenſibility, and her weak ſtate of health, require precautions. SEYMOUR, in an extaſy of joy, hugged me in his arms. O thou moſt dear, thou moſt noble of brothers, cried he; aſk my life, aſk all

that

that I have, I cannot give thee too much! Wilt thou—wilt thou indeed, ſpeak for me? God for ever bleſs my faithful, my generous friend!—Dear SEYMOUR, I returned, I only deſire that you may be happy, and worthy of your happineſs. O! you do not know, like me, the extent of that happineſs; but great as it is, I do not envy you—I wiſh that you may obtain it!

The ladies coming in again, the converſation turned on the fine ſituation of the houſe. Our friend mentioned the impreſſions which the ſmiling beauties of nature had made, on her leaving her barren waſte; and then of ſome circumſtances of her being carried off, and of the firſt days of her exile. In the evening ſhe delivered to me ſome papers ſhe wrote there. I know enough of German to underſtand them, and SEYMOUR and I read them together. O doctor, what a ſoul is her's! How happy would ſhe make me! yet I ſtifle my wiſhes—I renounce them for ever. SEYMOUR muſt live; his mind

cannot

cannot ſupport the loſs of his hopes; but the reaſon, and the experience of my riper years, will ſupport me. It is neceſſary that SEYMOUR's happineſs ſhould be compleat, in order that he may enjoy it; while, on the other hand, I ſhall bring myſelf to have a lively enjoyment of the happineſs that will fall to my ſhare. Send us, as ſoon as poſſible, the letters my brother wrote to you, on the ſubject of Lady SOPHIA: it is neceſſary that they ſhould intercede for him.

LET-

LETTER L.

Lady SOPHIA *to* EMILIA.

WHAT, O my EMILIA, are the deſigns of Providence with reſpect to me? I have been preſerved amidſt ſuch calamities as have overwhelmed my reaſon, and threaten'd my life. I am not preſerved in order to be devoted to freſh misfortunes, but that I may undergo every kind of trial. I alone, my EMILIA, muſt now decide my fate, and yield to the ſolicitations of eloquent friendſhip. Lord LOVEILL is no more. The annexed ſheets, which contain my journal at Tweedale, will inform you of the arrival of the Lords RICH and SEYMOUR, and the poor reparation LOVEILL intended me, by heaping honours on my lifeleſs form. God grant that his eternal exiſtence be more happy than he made mine here, while it was under his diſpoſal. Lord

SEYMOUR

SEYMOUR ſolicits me to give him my heart. He has loved me, O my EMILIA, he has loved me with the moſt pure and tender paſſion, ever ſince he firſt ſaw me: but the pride of his uncle, his dependance on that nobleman, and his own exceſſive delicacy with reſpect to honour, engaged him to obſerve the ſtricteſt ſilence till I had triumphed over the ſnares which the Prince laid againſt my virtue. You know how fatal that ſilence has been to me; but you were ignorant, as well as I, of what it made Lord SEYMOUR ſuffer. I ſend you the letters he then wrote to a friend, and thoſe of LOVEILL to one of his companions; in return, my dear EMILIA, I deſire you to tranſmit to me all thoſe I have written to you. In reading thoſe of LOVEILL, you will be ſhocked at the ill uſe he has made of his wit, and at ſeeing his infamous profanation of virtue and love. Should not I myſelf have been capable of baſeneſs if I had ſuſpected his artifices? Ah how different is SEYMOUR's heart from his! O my EMILIA, how glad ſhould I now be

of your advice! Lady DOUGLAS, the only perſon I can conſult, is on the ſide of love. Lord RICH, the noble, the excellent RICH, entreats me to become his ſiſter. The amiable SEYMOUR is at my feet: all the ſcruples dictated by my delicacy, are ſtrongly aſſaulted; and O thou friend of my heart, thou to whom I have always opened its moſt ſecret receſſes, I cannot I will not conceal from thee, that a ſacret voice ſpeaks to me in favour of SEYMOUR; and is he not the man my heart had choſen? He knows it, and ought I now to deprive him of his hopes? If I ſhould, Lord RICH, I fear, would endeavour to fill his place.

SEYMOUR has, ever ſince his arrival, been laviſhing on me the marks of the moſt ardent and moſt tender love. His brother has had long converſations with him; but to appearance they were cold and tranquil, and often he had his eyes long fixed on me: I thought that I could read his looks, and reſolved not to enter into any engagement. SEYMOUR's letters arrived, and two days after they had been

delivered to me, Lord RICH came to bring me back my journal, to which was added the laſt letter I wrote to you from Summer-hall. On his entring my room, he appeared to be greatly moved, and had a very expreſſive countenance; after kiſſing my journal, he preſſed it to his boſom, and begged pardon for having taken a copy of it, which he however delivered to me, as well as the original: but added, Allow me to aſk your leave to keep this faithful tranſcript of your ſentiments; allow me, my adorable friend, to poſſeſs this copy of your ſoul, and make my brother SEYMOUR happy in the poſſeſſion of yourſelf. His letters muſt have convinced you of the rectitude of his heart, and the gift of your hand will render him the happieſt and the beſt of men. After ſome moments ſilence, laying his hand on his breaſt, he fixed his eyes on me, and with a moſt tender and reſpectful look, ſaid, You know the ſentiments with which you have inſpired me, and which will for ever ſubſiſt in my heart.

You know the ardent wiſhes I formed, and which I have always nouriſhed. Well, theſe I have ſtifled. Never doubtleſs could I have brought myſelf to conquer my deareſt hopes, had I not in the midſt of the illuſions of love ſaid to myſelf, SEYMOUR is worthy of her; he merits her eſteem, her pity—Here fixing on me a tender and attentive look he ſtopp'd.

O Lord RICH! ſaid I to him, with a ſigh—It is in your power, reſumed he, interrupting me in the gentle voice of friendſhip, to render unhappy a young man of merit, by rejecting his love: but with a heart ſo noble and ſo tender, rather chuſe to exert your power in making a whole family happy! You alone can preſerve my mother from the mortification of ſeeing her two ſons vow an everlaſting celibacy: and if you become my ſiſter, and love your brother, you will render him happy. Conſider likewiſe, that by this means your virtues will be enabled to exert themſelves in an extenſive ſphere.

Oh!

Oh! my lord, ſaid I with emotion, how urgent you are! But do not you ſee difficulties? I here covered my face with my hands. He threw his arms about me, and kiſſing my forehead, cried, Moſt dear SOPHIA, I underſtand you: I know your difficulties, and the delicacy from which they ariſe renders your ſtill more adorable; but do not deſtroy SEYMOUR's hopes; ſuffer me, I entreat you, ſuffer me to give him your permiſſion to hope. This worthy man looked at me with his eyes ſwimming in tears, and a tear from mine fell on his hand. He view'd it with a ſtrong emotion his lips gathered it up, and his looks were for ſome time fixed on the floor. I took the writings he had returned to me, and preſenting him the original, ſaid, Receive, excellent man, what you have termed the copy of my ſoul, and keep it as a pledge of the moſt pure and tender friendſhip—Sifter, ſaid he, interrupting me—No wiles, Lord RICH! cried I, there is no need of art to engage me to become what you earneſtly deſire I ſhould

be—In an extacy he now bleſſed me, covered my hands with kiſſes, and haſtily ran to the door of the room. On which I cry'd, Say nothing yet, I earneſtly entreat you. Extremely affected by his behaviour, I indulged the ſoft impreſſion, and reſolved to obtain the name of Lady SEYMOUR; and after pouring out my ſoul in prayer for the divine direction, I was confirmed in this reſolution.

P. S. SEYMOUR at preſent knows all, and my pen cannot expreſs his joy. My dear counteſs embraces me with a maternal fondneſs, and Lord RICH with the affection of the moſt tender brother. Lord SEYMOUR keeps me in his ſight, as if he was afraid that ſome body would make me change my reſolution. His valet de chambre is juſt ſent to his mother, who in good ſenſe and merit is ſaid to be a ſecond Lady SUMMERS. Bear a part, my friend, in my joy. How ſweet are the emotions of my heart! What felicity ariſes from a reſolution approved

approved by prudence and virtue! How do I rejoice at the thought of the journey I am going to take to visit the tomb of my anceſters! Tears of gratitude ſhall bedew their aſhes, becauſe they imprinted on my ſoul the love of virtue and beneficence; becauſe they taught me to form juſt ideas of happineſs and misfortunes.—I ſhall again embrace my EMILIA! I ſhall again ſee my vaſſals! How delightful the thought!

My dear Lord SEYMOUR makes his brother his model, and conſults him in every thing—and what tender gratitude do I owe to that brother for his care and attention to enhance my felicity, by endeavouring to give more ſweetneſs and equality to the too haſty temper of SEYMOUR, who like a fine river, ſays Lord RICH, is ſometimes impetuous in its courſe; but always rolls over ſand mingled with the pureſt gold.

LETTER LI.

Lord RICH. *to Dr.* BURTON.

Seymour-house.

I am now come from the altar where my brother has just tied the indissoluble knot, and where I have vowed to remain for ever free. I have given him that hand which I had so long wished to possess, and which I resigned to him, purely because I felt myself more able than he to support its loss. It was her soul, her manner of thinking, and her sentiments that I loved. The writings she has presented me, those writings in which she gives such a candid portrait of herself, prove that she granted me all that was in her power, a distinguished esteem, an unreserved confidence, and ardent wishes for my happiness. The inexplicable power of a first love which perhaps had seized on her heart without her consent, must for ever have prevailed.

prevailed.—I am ſenſible of the value of her ſoul, her friendſhip is more tender than the endearments of love in other women. The Autumn of life, which is my ſeaſon, leaves me the tranquil enjoyment of the pure charms of friendſhip. I ſhall live with this happy pair; their ſecond ſon will bear my name, and to him I ſhall be a ſecond father! I ſhall every day converſe with my ſiſter; I ſhall enjoy the beauties of her mind; I ſhall add to her felicity; and my mother bleſſes me for having contributed to the marriage of her dear SEYMOUR! Thus is my happineſs founded on the happineſs of thoſe I moſt love. Soon, my friend, ſhall I have the pleaſure of ſeeing and embracing you.

LETTER LII.

Lady SEYMOUR *to* EMILIA.

THE first hour in which I find myself at liberty here, amidst my new family, should be employed in thanksgivings to the divine Providence, which has terminated all my troubles and afflictions in the greatest felicity this earth can afford; but the next hour ought to be consecrated to that faithful friend who has shared all my woes, who has alleviated them by her tenderness, and whose example and advice, have revived the fortitude and virtue of my heart. O EMILIA! I am happy, perfectly happy. Hence forth I may devote all the days of my life to the discharge of the most sweet and sacred duties. My tenderness for my dear husband constitutes his felicity; my filial love for his

his mother, is regarded by that excellent woman as the reward of her virtues; my fraternal affection for my dear Lord RICH, fills his noble and ſenſible heart with true content.

Lord SEYMOUR has very large poſſeſſions and ſets me no other bounds in doing good but thoſe of his vaſt fortune. O my dear EMILIA! what an advantage is it to me that my ſenſibility has been tried by misfortunes, ſince by this means I am become much more capable of reliſhing every delicious and every agreeable ſenſation. You know that in the midſt of all my diſtreſſes I bleſſed God, that he enabled me to alleviate them, by leaving me the uſe of my reaſon, and the power of performing benevolent actions. At preſent I feel more ſtrongly than ever, how greatly proſperity and happineſs encreaſe our duties; mine have in ſome reſpects changed their nature or their object; in my heart gratitude ſucceeds patience and humble ſubmiſſion: My powers and abilities, which ſupported me under all my

diſtreſſes, and were the ſource of ſome pleaſures, will be conſecrated to the happineſs of all around me, to the diſcovery of their ſecret calamities, and to invent the means of curing or relieving them. I cannot repeat it too often, ſince experience has taught it me, even on the brink of the grave, that goodneſs of heart, piety, reſignation, and the other endowments of the mind, can alone render us happy on earth. They ſuſtained me when I hung over the gulph of deſpair; and on them are founded the happineſs I at preſent enjoy. I will lean upon them while I can do good in tranquility and peace, and will implore the Divine bounty that in conjunction with my noble and generous ſpouſe, I may continually exhibit a model of the manner in which wealth and intereſt ought to be employed.

You ſee, my dear EMILIA, that all my ſcruples have neceſſarily ſubſided, as I ſaw the tranquility of ſo many worthy hearts depend on my deciſion.

My lord intends to build a ſchool and an hoſpital, like thoſe of Sternheim: he has ordered the plan of them to be drawn; and theſe edifices are to be erected during our travels in Germany. Next week we ſet out for Summer-hall; we ſhall there wait for Count R.'s anſwer to a letter we have ſent him, and then, RICH and SEYMOUR ſay that we are to viſit all the ſacred places to which I have been conducted by my misfortunes. They will then ſee my EMILIA, and will be convinced that the firſt inclination of my heart was placed upon the moſt worthy perſon of my ſex. To-morrow my Lord G. and Sir THOMAS WATSON, my grandmother's nephew, will be at Seymour-houſe. As to my other relations, and the numerous gentry in the neighbourhood, I ſhall not contract any acquaintance with them, till my return from Germany.

LETTER LIII.

Lord RICH *to Dr.* BURTON.*

I Am returned to Seymour-houſe; for I am unable to ſupport the void I find within, while I am at a diſtance from my brother's family. My ſiſter links me to her by a thouſand engaging ties. I have ſeen that admirable lady at Summer-hall, at Vaels with her EMILIA, in her ſeminary, at the court of D. at Sternheim, among her vaſſals, and at the tomb of her parents.—In all theſe different circumſtances, in all the various ſituations of her life, ſhe appears a benevolent genius, come down to ſhew her ſex a pattern of the virtues which more particularly belong to them, and are their greateſt ornament. At

* This letter is dated about two years after the former.

At our return to Seymour-houſe, ſhe became a mother, and what a mother, dear doctor, muſt Lady SEYMOUR be! I muſt have been more than man, not to renew, a thouſand times, the wiſh that ſhe was my wife, and the mother of *my* children! Ah, how juſtly is the ſacrifice of our own happineſs placed among the higheſt virtues! How painful is it to the moſt generous heart!—We ought not therefore to wonder at its being ſo uncommon. Yet far am I from having repented of my having ſacrificed myſelf for my brother. No, never did I feel the torment of a mean envy: but keenly have I ſuffered by the ſilence under which I thought it neceſſary to conceal my ſentiments; for I could not truſt them to any of the profane, for fear they ſhould judge falſely of a paſſion which is the moſt reſpectable, and I have feared alſo to place my ſiſter's noble and pure friendſhip in a dubious light. Hence I inſenſibly fell into a deep melancholy. I quitted for ſome months Seymour-houſe, and repaired to my own

country

country ſeat. The calm of that retreat, where formerly I enjoyed an agreeable repoſe after my long travels, did not then afford me all the tranquillity I expected. I endeavoured to overcome myſelf; but accuſtomed to the ſweet converſation of the moſt ſenſible perſons, nothing could ſupply their place, and their letters were not themſelves. At length they wrote me word that little RICH was born, and I immediately flew to Seymour-houſe. In a happy moment Lady SEYMOUR gave me that child in my arms, and with all the charms of a voice and countenance full of ſenſibility, I heard her ſay, There is your young RICH: God grant that, as he bears your name, he may likewiſe be poſſeſſed of a mind and heart like your's! A ſenſation at once gloomy and delicious ſeized on my ſoul: there it remains, and I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe it to any one. The dear infant has all its mother's features, and this reſemblance gives me real happineſs. If my life be continued, this child ſhall have no other inſtructor, no

other

other guide in his travels—All his expences ſhall be ſet down to my account, and his domeſtics ſhall be doubly rewarded. My chamber joins to his, and I am going to build a lodge at the end of the garden, where we will live together, as ſoon as he has compleated his ſecond year; in the mean time I employ myſelf in forming the people who are to be about him. This infant becomes the ſupport of my reaſon, and to him I ſhall owe my repoſe. What a value does every care, and all the careſſes he receives from his mother, impart to him! He and his brother grow up under the eyes of their tender parents, and all their actions are models of wiſdom and goodneſs. A bleſſing reſts on all the places where SEYMOUR reſides, and joy accompanies his ſteps and thoſe of his ſpouſe. With one hand they relieve diſtreſſed merit, and give ſuccour to others of the unfortunate: with the other they ſpread embelliſhments over the whole lordſhip, in which they ſhew the moſt elegant taſte. In the country, ſays Lady

SEYMOUR,

SEYMOUR, art ſhould never appear to triumph over nature: let us rather follow her traces, and endeavour to improve rather than to diſguiſe them. Nothing can be more agreeable than our evenings, and our repaſts: in theſe moderation reigns, and they are animated by chearfulneſs. We often mingle in the country dances of our tenants, and increaſe their joy by ſharing it. Lady SEYMOUR's company is ſought for by perſons of merit, while vice and folly, ſtruck with dread, carefully avoid it. Our houſe is the rendezvous of all thoſe in our neighbourhood who are diſtinguiſhed by their abilities and virtues, and it is one of the beauties in my ſiſter's character, that ſhe delights in finding out, and rendering conſpicuous the merit of others, eſpecially of perſons of her own ſex. My brother is the beſt of huſbands, and ſome hundreds of tenants bleſs him as their moſt worthy landlord. Happineſs beams in his looks, when he ſees his ſon clinging to the boſom of his charming wife, and ſucking in her virtues

with her milk. Every day ſees ſome abatement of that impetuous ardour which predominated in him, and he has learned the difficult art of enjoying his happineſs without parade or oſtenſtation. The uniform plainneſs and ſimplicity in our dreſs permits the families of the ſmalleſt fortunes to viſit us. Lady SEYMOUR from time to time aſks for ſome of their young daughters, and keeps them for a while, in order to inſpire them, by her example and engaging leſſons, with a love of virtue and uſeful knowledge. In ſhort, the enthuſiaſm of beneficence actuates her whole being: not contented with thinking well, ſhe is inceſſantly putting the good ſhe meditates into practice. Never perhaps were more fervent thanks offered to Heaven than thoſe of Lady SEYMOUR, for being endued with the gift of a feeling heart, and bleſſed with the power of diffuſing happineſs to all around her. — What praiſes, what rewards do thoſe deſerve, who thus furniſh ſuch illuſtrious proofs, that

that all which morality requires is poſſible to be fulfilled; that the practice of our duties, ſo far from diſturbing our pleaſures, ennobles and ſecures the enjoyment of them, and becomes itſelf our moſt real and ſubſtantial happineſs, in all the ſtages and ſituations of life!

THE END.

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As this laſt Work is not yet ſufficiently known, we beg leave here to inſert a ſpecimen or two that the reader may be enabled from thence to form a judgment of the manner in which it is executed. In Book IV. One of the daughters of SIPHA, the friend of NOAH, thus deſcribes the death of MEHITABEL.

THE angel of death appear'd to our mother, not in the form of terror; but with a fair and beauteous aſpect: he took her in his friendly arms, and as the ripen'd peach, with gentle pluck, quits the bough, ſo her placid ſoul, left her earthly frame. At the thoughts of being depriv'd of the beſt of mothers, we felt the pains of death, while ſhe with triumph, cry'd, Shall I not, O death, welcome thine approach? Thou art the deliverer from ſhadows and darkneſs; the friend that opens to me the gates of eternal life and light; when I ſhall be crown'd with lucid rays; when my mind, clear as the ſhining mirror, will perceive the wonders of infinite grace and boundleſs wiſdom in all their amplitude, ſucceſſive ſcenes of ſalvation inexhauſtible, and divine——virtue unreſtrain'd, the cup of bliſs unmix'd. This is the abyſs of death, and I willingly enter it. All novelties are attended with

pleaſing ſenſations; but to me death is a novelty moſt agreeable; for I ſhall have a body diveſted of the dark ſhades of life: I ſhall have an happineſs, of which that reſulting from virtue and innocence are only ſhining types. Were death with-held from me, life would not be deſirable; it would be only worthy of the wiſhes of a child; for death rids us of every preſſure, of every earthly burthen, that with agil wing, we may eſcape and ſoar to Heaven; compar'd with which the beauties of Paradiſe will ſeem like the ſhades of night.

The following is a part of the deſcription of the Deluge in Book VIII.

FROM the cavernous earth, is heard a hollow murmur, moving in progreſſion dolorous, like the voice of deſpair. Horrid were the howlings and cries of the beaſts and fowls of all kinds, wild and tame, which with mingling voices, ſend forth one common cry to Heaven. Men, encompaſs'd by the day of wrath, ſtand aghaſt, ſeeing death in the impending clouds, in the agitated ground, in the raging ſea. Silent they look up to Heaven, ſilent turn their eyes to the earth. The ſhort ſilence, caus'd by fear is ſoon broke

by diſmal outcries, and deſpairing ſupplications. In the cities, crouds preſſing on crouds, run from ſtreet to ſtreet, hunted by ſorrow, and preſſing through the gates, ſeek for ſafety, from the rocks and mountains. The earth now trembles as in agony, and the hills rock from ſide to ſide. A dreadful ſhock ſucceeds, and from the deepeſt foundations, temples, towers, and palaces, ſink into ruins; and in the devaſtation, are loſt thouſands of thouſand lives.

Suddenly a flaſh, broad as a flood, darts through the dreadful gloom, follow'd by the rolling thunder, with repercuſſive roar, ſo dreadful, that man aſtoniſh'd, ſeems ſtruck with ſepulchral ſilence. The water veſſels of the heavens now burſt, and pour down torrents of rain, ever pouring and ever full. The people whom the trembling earth had ſpar'd, are now carried away by the current. Some are caſt on newly form'd hills, which they climb, trembling and pale as if riſing from the dead; and others, to gain a ſhort reſpite from death, and protract for a few moments, a life encompaſs'd with horrors, cling to the trees ſtill ſtanding, though the waters undermine their roots. But with gigantic pace, the flood overtakes them, nor ceaſes, till as a garment, it covers the land from pole to pole.

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